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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	749
THE LEAGUE AT BAY	752
COMMUNISM AND FASCISM IN SPAIN. By Geoffrey Brereton	753
A LONDON DIARY	754
THIS ENGLAND	756
ANXIETY NEUROSIS. By Y. Y.	756
BENITOLAND. By Sagittarius	757
"THE BALANCE OF NATURE." By E. G. Boulenger.	757
CORRESPONDENCE	758
From European Observer; Admiral H. W. Richmond; A Socialist; Douglas Goldring; Lord Strabolgi; G. E. G. Catlin; One of the Heretics; C. H.; Lieut.-Col. E. N. Mozley; C. B. Purdom.	
PIGS AND BATTLESHIPS. By John Hilton	761
DR. A. J. M. MELLY. By Naomi Mitchison	762
AT COVENT GARDEN. By W. J. Turner	763
PLAYS AND PICTURES	764
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett	765
REVIEWS:	Page
New Novels. By Peter Quennell	766
The Cambridge Medieval History. By G. G. Coulton	767
Four Autobiographies. By Christopher St. John	768
They Found Worshippers. By Raymond Mortimer	768
A South African Achievement. By W. M. Macmillan	770
Proletarian Novels. By Philip Jordan	772
God Wot. By H. E. Bates	774
East and West in Russian Music. By Edward Sackville West	774
Palmerston as John Bull. By Harold Temperley.	776
The Capitalist Mind	778
Mr. W. H. By John Hayward	780
Taste and Aristocracy	780
ABOUT MOTORING. By R. E. Davidson	780
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	782
CROSSWORD	784
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador	786

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Budget leakage inquiry is proceeding, as we write, and while the case is *sub judice* we must follow Mr. Baldwin's practice of sealed lips. We may, however, pay a tribute to the thoroughness with which Mr. Justice Porter and his colleagues are probing into the affair. It is an unedifying picture of how business of a certain sort is done in our centre of civilisation. Among the brighter features of the inquiry is the story of Mr. J. H. Thomas's autobiography. Authors, publishers and men in the street will all be interested in the handsome price (though Mr. Thomas himself thinks it none too generous) agreed upon for the book, which is to occupy the Minister's leisure when he retires from politics. And we shall look forward almost as eagerly as Mr. Bates —who has already stumped up £15,100 in the shape of a seaside house—to the publication of this best seller.

A "Lull" in Europe

For the moment there is what the Prime Minister would call a "lull" in Europe—which means only that no one fears war next week. Unable either to intensify or to abolish sanctions, the League decided to leave the situation as it was, and Baron Aloisi, declaring that Abyssinia no longer existed and therefore could not be discussed, once more made a ceremonial exit from the Council. France is preoccupied with M. Blum's problems of Cabinet making. The Communists will not join in the Ministry, but support, or rather push, the Socialists and Radicals from behind. They urge a capital levy and a drastic programme to "make the rich pay." Hitler recedes into second place for the moment; the Left must settle its account with the Fascists and the "two hundred families who rule France." But Hitler will not be long postponed. Last week the British Government addressed a series of very sensible questions to the German Government. Obviously it is no good discussing a general settlement in Europe unless Hitler is prepared to tell the German people—which is much more important than telling us—that any new treaties he makes will have to be permanent. He told Mr. Eden that he voluntarily accepted Locarno; he broke it and classed it with the treaties which Germany signed under duress. Unless he makes it clear that he renounces aggressive intentions against his neighbours in the East as well as the West a general pacification and the beginning of disarmament about which M. Blum is still rightly insistent is impossible.

Political Changes in Spain

Señor Azaña is now President instead of Prime Minister of Spain. None of the other candidates was taken seriously, and he was elected by an overwhelming majority of the votes cast—with the Royalists abstaining. His election is both a gain and a loss. His Republicanism is beyond question; he is a strong man and universally respected. But the Government, deprived of his leadership and his driving force, will be weaker. He may still, as head of the State, be able to exercise an influence on Ministers and their policy which the King of England or the French President could not. But he will have to be careful if he is to avoid the trouble into which the former President got himself by trespassing on the Constitution. Señor Casares Quiroga, lately Minister for Home Affairs, is the new Prime Minister. He is a man of considerable experience and has a reputation for ruthlessness. His Cabinet is in the main a reshuffle of Azaña's; his programme will be substantially the same; and he will, according to the compact, have the support of the Popular Front. The Left Wing parties, of course, remain vigilant and may become more exacting. The Anarcho-Syndicalists, who have just held their congress in Saragossa, are pressing for a more revolutionary tactic. But their plans have yet to be agreed to by other sections of the Labour movement, and no immediate disturbance is in sight.

A Wafdist Government in Egypt

With the Regency crisis settled in Egypt, Ali Pasha Maher, the Prime Minister, has resigned, and Nahas Pasha has stepped into his shoes at the head of a Wafdist Government. This, of course, was a foregone conclusion, and the change of personnel will make no difference in the immediate business in which everyone is absorbed—the treaty negotiations with Britain. There all the Egyptian parties form a pretty well united front. Apart from this Nahas Pasha has a programme of domestic reforms, some designed to strengthen the Constitution and others of an economic kind, including measures to improve the position of the fellaheen. An interesting innovation, which may also prove to be important, is the creation of a "Minister of the Palace." He will take the place of the functionary hitherto known as "Chief of the Royal Cabinet." His appointment will be in the hands of the Prime Minister instead of the King's. He will have a seat in the Cabinet and will act as liaison officer between the Cabinet and the Palace.

New Zealand's Labour Charter

The New Zealand Labour Government has now produced a comprehensive Conciliation and Arbitration Bill which embodies the combined principles of a basic living wage and a statutory limitation of the hours of labour. The system of compulsory arbitration in labour disputes, largely abandoned in recent years, is to be completely restored; and the system is to be made more acceptable to the Trade Unions by the double provision that the maximum working week is to be fixed at forty hours, "unless this is shown to be impracticable in a particular industry," and that the arbitration court shall fix a basic wage "sufficient for an adult male worker with a wife and three children." At the same time, Trade Union membership is to be made compulsory, so that the awards of the tribunal will apply automatically to the entire industry; and separate Bills are to be introduced limiting the weekly hours of work in factories to forty and in shops and offices to forty-four. This legislation is a return to the earlier policy of New Zealand under Seddon, with developments, such as the forty-hour week, in line with more recent economic tendencies. It will be strongly opposed by the New Zealand employers; but the farmers will be disposed to accept it as part of the bargain which has carried the Labour Party to power—a *quid pro quo* for the guaranteed prices which the Government is instituting for agricultural produce.

Sir Maurice Hankey's Evidence

Secretary to the Cabinet and to the Imperial Defence Committee, Sir Maurice Hankey is one of the most influential people in this country. He occupies to-day very much the position of power behind the throne of Government which was held by the late Lord Esher in the pre-war period. He gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Arms as spokesman of all the Service departments. He was not primarily interested in the moral problems connected with private manufacture nor even with the general question of its relative efficiency. His main point was that Britain must arm and has begun to arm as fast as possible, and that it would be fatal not to use all our existing resources or to dislocate the existing organisation at so critical a stage. He flatly contradicted the evidence of Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. Addison, whose experience of controlling munitions during the war had given them so unfavourable an opinion of the private firms. He blamed the politicians rather than the manufacturers for the breakdown. In his anxiety to defeat those who wish to nationalise the industry he has also prepared a defence of the private firms against the charges of corruption and scare-mongering. In reply to the point that the traffic in arms led to British soldiers being shot down by British guns that had been sold to the Turks, he agreed that this was so, and added that if the Turks had had none but British guns instead of only a few from this country they would have depended on us for ammunition and, therefore, would have been unable to fight on the German side—which is perfectly true. Clearly the way to preserve peace is to persuade every country to buy British guns.

The New Mines Bill

The Coal Mines Bill introduced into the House of Commons last week by Mr. Runciman has aroused the enmity of the colliery owners. The Bill confers upon the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission some of the powers which it must have if its activities are to be of any effect. But its provisions, as they now stand, seem open to serious objection. One point is that apparently the Commission is still given no power to enforce any working arrangements short of complete amalgamation, though this is one of the chief difficulties which have hitherto stood in their way. A second, perhaps of even more importance, is that, while the Commission need no longer show that its schemes will not work to the disadvantage of any of the amalgamated concerns—an obviously impossible provision—the rights accorded to the colliery owners of appealing to the courts, even against schemes to

which Parliament has offered no objection, open up the prospect of litigation without end. It seems extraordinary, too, to give the High Court power to amend, apparently without any means of modifying its decisions, schemes based on extremely technical considerations which cannot be mainly legal in character. The colliery owners, who put up the House of Lords to sabotage the Act of 1930 by so amending it as to make its amalgamation clauses unworkable, apparently mean to do their best to wreck the new Bill in its turn; but, if it passes unamended, their resources of obstruction will not be at an end. We fear that the Government is still too much afraid of their hostility to face the plain need for setting up a technical body with powers to reorganise the industry at least as well as those which have been conferred, with evident public benefit, on the Electricity Commissioners and the C.E.B.

Employment in April

Employment is up again by 82,000, according to last month's figures, and registered unemployment is down by 50,000. Apart from a seasonal set-back in coal mining, the improvement is fairly general, though there have been small increases in unemployment in wool and hosiery. Building has made a seasonal advance, and there is still no sign of a slackening of the housing boom. Next to building, the distributive trades show the largest fall in the numbers unemployed; and next after them come the hotel and restaurant services. Apart from the building trades, the advances in the productive industries are all relatively small. If, however, the comparison is made with a year ago, instead of a month ago, the engineering trades show the biggest fall in unemployment—clearly a reflection, to a great extent, of increased activity in the armament industries. Cotton and woollens and worsteds are also substantially better than they were in the spring of 1935. This is satisfactory, so far as it goes; but it should be noted that, despite the advance in the metal trades, total unemployment has increased since March in the North-East, and the expansion is still much greater in the South and the Midlands than in the North or in Scotland or Wales. Total unemployment, at 1,831,000, is 213,000 lower than a year ago, and total employment is up by 371,000; but there are still about 23 per cent. of the unemployed who have been out of work for a year or more, apart from a casual job or two.

Recruiting the Unemployed

Mr. Duff Cooper's campaign to stamp out heresy in the Church and gain recruits for the Army has not met with much success. His failure has given rise to disquieting rumours that the Service Departments are now hoping to enlist the Labour Exchanges to help them in their work. The suggestion came first from some Tory backwoodsmen in the House of Commons, and an interdepartmental committee has now been set up to inquire into the possibility of encouraging recruiting among the unemployed. The report of this committee will be awaited with considerable anxiety. Is it proposed that a man who is physically fit would be deprived of his relief if he refused to join the Army? Will such a refusal be allowed to prejudice his chances of obtaining another job? These questions naturally arise when it is suggested that a Labour Exchange should be asked to perform the function of a Recruiting Office. Mr. Baldwin has stated that he has no intention of introducing conscription. Any attempt to gain the same end by some form of indirect economic pressure would be widely resented, and we hope these rumours are unfounded. Last year 68,000 persons applied for enlistment in the Army, a drop of 12,000 on the previous year. Two out of every three of these applicants were rejected on physical, medical, and educational grounds. These figures seem to suggest that a good food policy from the Minister of Agriculture would do more to help recruiting than bad theology from the Minister for War.

Housing in Scotland

The Government Report on Housing in Scotland contains some startling figures. Of the million houses surveyed 23 per cent. were found to be overcrowded. The Health Department's test of overcrowding is not particularly high and many local authorities in England have adopted more exacting standards of their own. Yet 270,000 families in Scotland were reported to be living in conditions defined as overcrowded even on the Government's low standard. The worst conditions were found in the half a million tenements containing only one or two rooms. The percentage of overcrowding in these small houses is 38.8. Of the 552,000 houses containing more than two rooms, the percentage is 10.4. Glasgow alone has 74,000 overcrowded houses out of a total of 257,000. In many of the smaller towns conditions are, if anything, worse, and in the county of Lanarkshire overcrowding exists in more than a quarter of the houses surveyed. The Report estimated that in the whole of Scotland the minimum number of new houses required to solve the problem is 150,000. In the next three years local authorities propose to build little more than 54,000. The Minister of Health last week announced that January 1st, 1937, has been fixed as the date after which overcrowding, as defined in the new Act, will be illegal. The operation of this Act is to be confined at first to the less congested areas. If more drastic action is not taken, it will be many years before it can be applied in Scotland.

Decency

Mr. Neville Chamberlain exposed the most unattractive side of his personality on Monday, when he reprimanded Mr. A. P. Herbert like a priggish prefect telling off a new boy. Mr. Herbert was using the word "decency" most accurately in his motion to increase the funds available for Civil List Pensions. It would be most decent, becoming and proper, to give more generous help to writers, scientists, musicians and others who have fallen into poverty because they have thought other things more important than making money. Although the motion was proposed as a non-party affair, none but Labour Members were found to speak in its favour. We agree with Sir John Squire that Mr. Chamberlain's speech was "cold-blooded, mechanical and misinformed." An extra three thousand pounds a year to relieve the poverty of authors, scientists and their dependents would not have strained the nation's resources.

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THE LEAGUE AT BAY

AFTER his victory of mustard gas and bombs, Mussolini is indulging himself in some play-acting. The King of Italy is proclaimed Emperor of Ethiopia, and it is even proposed that, like Charlemagne and Napoleon, he should be crowned by the Pope. No doubt the Duce, who is a gangster with a peculiar sense of humour, is vastly tickled at the idea of putting his little puppet monarch in the same category with those two mighty figures. Perhaps he has even bethought him of that final touch in the performance of Bonaparte who, it will be remembered, having brought Pius VII to Paris for the ceremony, took the crown out of his hands and himself placed it on his own head. The present Pope, so far as we know, has made no response to the suggestion. He has, however, spoken, like a loyal Italian, in a way that must have shocked many loyal Catholics. "The happy triumph of a great and good people" is how he describes the conclusion of this blackguardly adventure. On Tuesday there followed another well-staged drama at Geneva. Baron Aloisi, finding the Abyssinian delegate in the League Council Chamber, himself walked out, packed up his bags and went back with all his entourage by the first train to Rome. That may be a prelude to, or a threat of, Italy's withdrawal from the League, if she is not taken at her own valuation. At any rate there is method in Mussolini's madness. It remains to be seen whether the League, which he has beaten and insulted, can discover a counter-method of reasserting its authority and recovering its prestige.

The League is at bay. It has not yet acknowledged defeat, as most of its enemies hoped and some of its friends feared that it would. No immediate action is to be taken; the Abyssinian question is adjourned for a month. But meanwhile sanctions will continue. It is difficult to see how, in all the circumstances, the Council could have decided otherwise. To call off the sanctions at this moment, as two or three of the South American States demanded, would be tantamount to an abject capitulation to the aggressor. For that public opinion, confused and perplexed though it be, is certainly not prepared, especially in view of the hopes that are built on the coming Government of the Left in France. It is no longer, as it has so generally been in the past, a case of Amurath to Amurath succeeds; with Léon Blum in power, we look for a break with the policy of the Lavals, the Sarrauts, and their predecessors. He and his friends and the great body of Frenchmen whom they represent have never licked the Fascist boots—and, what is more, there are signs that many of their political opponents who have hitherto been partial to that pastime are now thinking better of it. The Duce's insolent proclamation of his new Empire in Africa has annoyed the Right as well as the Left in France, to the pained surprise of the Italian press.

The maintenance of sanctions, then, was the right course as things stood this week. It is absurd to describe it, as a correspondent in the *Times* did the other day, as merely a method of giving vent to our indignation. It is childish—with that supreme childishness that we have learned to expect from Italian journalists—to talk of it as spiteful malignity towards Italy. And the so-called logical argument for the ending of sanctions is specious. The purpose of sanctions, we are told, was to stop the war. The war has stopped. Ergo, sanctions should stop. But the answer is that what has stopped is the Italian war against Ethiopia, not the Italian war against the League and the rule of law. It is still imperative to settle that issue—and not merely for the sake of vindicating abstract principles; it is a life and death matter for millions of human beings and for civilisation itself. To surrender tamely to Mussolini to-day is to encourage him—and another, who may be a still more formidable danger—to further aggression to-morrow. As for the notion of welcoming him back, black with treachery and red with blood, to assist us against that other—do we really believe in Satan casting out Satan?

But we have to face facts, and two obvious questions arise. The first concerns the efficacy of the sanctions, the second the guts of the League Powers. What have the existing sanctions, financial and economic, achieved? They have not saved Abyssinia from destruction, and for our own part we never supposed or pretended that they would in the limited form in which they have been applied. They have embarrassed Italy—a good deal more, perhaps, than she has been willing to admit. There has been a very heavy drop in her imports, and a still heavier drop in her exports, since she has kept up the former to some extent by depleting her gold reserve. By last January, according to the estimates of the League Committee of Eighteen, Italian exports had declined by 46 per cent. (as compared with January, 1935) and imports by 39 per cent. The Bank of Italy, too, has been hard pressed; though exact up-to-date figures are not obtainable, there is good reason to believe that the gold reserve has dropped from some £60,000,000 to £20,000,000. And all this decline, it must be remembered, is cumulative in its effects. Italy has big debts on her hands and they are growing. Nor is this all. The war bills will have to be paid, and these, though the fighting has been of shorter duration than most people, including the Italians themselves, could have expected, will not be trifling. And to them must be added the peace bills—the expenses of demobilisation, of providing for the men discharged from the colours, of reconstructing Abyssinia and developing the new Empire. It may well be that these latter tasks will be made still more burdensome by the necessity not only of keeping order in the normal way in the country, but of further military operations, for although the Abyssinian armies are broken and dispersed, the process of "pacification" is still to come, and the barbarians may yet make serious trouble for their Roman conquerors. Marshal Badoglio admitted a day or two ago that Abyssinia could not be easily or rapidly disarmed. That Italy has felt the strain, then, and that the strain will be increased by her "glorious victory," is undeniable. She needs money and will need more; hence her very natural anxiety for the ending of the financial embargo, which would enable her to get credits abroad. She has willing lenders in Paris waiting for her, we are told, and she could doubtless find them in London, too.

But whilst the boycott of Italy within its present limits may be a little more, perhaps a good deal more, embarrassing to her in the future than it has been in the past, that is not enough. The purpose of sanctions is not merely to pinch an offending State, nor can sanctions go

on till the Greek Kalends. If they are to be continued, they ought to be intensified. And that brings us to the second question. Do the League Powers really mean business? Is it their intention to make the effort now, at this eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute, to defend the Covenant and salvage even a remnant of Abyssinian independence? If so, they will have to show, and that quickly, a new unity and a degree of determination that has been sadly lacking all through this tragic episode. They may have to face the risk of war with Italy—a risk which they ought to have faced six months ago when it would have been a far less serious one. It is a grim prospect, to be sure. But what is the alternative? Not merely a shock to our moral sense by the triumph and reward of the aggressor, but the collapse of the League and what it stands for, and with it the risk of other wars. The vehement apostles of isolationism are blind to all this. "The people of Great Britain and the other League States," we read in one of Lord Beaverbrook's organs, "are resolved that they will not go to war in a dispute which is of no direct concern to any of them." We need not argue about the right of these scribes to speak so confidently for their own and other nations. They are correct in their view that none of us wants to go into any war. The public is strongly pacifist. But they are emphatically wrong in talking of this dispute as being of no concern to any of us. It is of vital concern to all who are threatened by the designs of aggressive Powers. And are Great Britain and the British Empire off the list of the threatened? The British Government cannot, in any case, slip unnoticed out of their international responsibilities. They will next month have to make a momentous decision. They will have to make it in concert with the new French Government; for the leadership in the League, if there is to be any at all, must now be dual. And their choice lies between sanctions—much more resolute sanctions—and a *sauve qui peut*.

COMMUNISM AND FASCISM IN SPAIN

THE present Spanish Government, which came into being after the elections of February 16th, owes its majority to the formation of the Popular Front. It succeeds a Right-wing Government, dominated by Señor Gil Robles, which since November, 1933, had ruled Spain in the interests of the Church and the big landowners, and had represented a phase of reaction as marked as anything seen under the Monarchy.

If "Right-wing" is a vague and unsatisfactory term, embodying many shades and even oppositions of opinion, "Popular Front" is still vaguer. It includes Communists, Socialists and bourgeois Republicans. These parties stormed the citadel together, but now that they are inside, it would be foolish to expect them readily to agree on the constructive plan of government which sooner or later will have to be produced. Which counsel will eventually prevail? Is Spain to be the first Communist State of Western Europe? Will the Union of Spanish Soviet Republics (with federal status for Catalonia, the Basque Provinces, and perhaps Valencia) ever be a reality on the map? With the object of computing the present strength of both Communism and Fascism I attempted during a recent visit to Spain to get into touch with both of them in their "pure" state. But in order to understand the complexity of the issues it is necessary first to describe another organisation, the Workers' Alliance.

The Workers' Alliance was directly responsible for the rising of October, 1934, which was provoked by the formation of a strongly reactionary ministry. Although the rising failed in its principal object of establishing the "dictatorship of the proletariat," it did avert the danger of a capitalist and eventually a Fascist dictatorship. In this the workers of Spain were more fortunate or more effective than their comrades in Germany and Austria.

The Workers' Alliance in 1934 consisted of the Socialist Union (U.G.T.), the Communist Left, the *Bloque Obrero y Campesino*, the Anarchist unions which had seceded from the main body and, in Asturias, the main Anarchist unions, the C.N.T. and F.A.I. In Barcelona and Madrid, however, the main Anarchist unions refused to join the movement. The official Communist Party came in only on the eve of the rising. This list gives some idea of the diversity of the groups which must be conciliated before Spanish Labour can be effectively mobilised. If it is added that the same group may easily act differently in different regions, the chances of a workers' revolution recede a long way into the future.

In some perplexity I went to see Andreu Nin, one of the prime movers of the Workers' Alliance and leaders of the Communist Left. His party is waging a ceaseless war of propaganda against the Anarchist organisations and against the official Communist Party which finds in contemporary Russia its inspiration and, to a certain degree, its support. Nin is a pure Marxist. He looks to Leon Trotsky as his leader in the flesh, and disagrees profoundly with the present policy of the U.S.S.R. For his party, the nationalistic spirit of the new Russia, its pacts with bourgeois-democratic countries, and particularly the Stakhanov movement, which is creating a new hierarchy of workers based on "prepared" production-records, are directly contrary to the original principles of Communism.

The Spanish Marxists repudiate all compromise with the democratic bourgeoisie, whether in their own country or abroad. They hold that an alliance made now with the middle classes will fetter the workers' freedom of action later on. Their aim is a revolution of the proletariat, executed by the proletariat, for the proletariat's sole benefit. I asked Nin what he thought of Azaña and of the efficacy of a "revolution from above." He replied that Azaña would do nothing unless continually pushed by the Left, and that his party had no faith at all in constitutional reforms. He referred to the agrarian problem. "It is not true that the peasants have been given land," he insisted. "They took it. All the Government has done has been, under pressure, to ratify a *fait accompli*. Azaña's cabinet has released the 30,000 prisoners of the October, 1934, Revolution? Very true. But what else could they do? In Asturias the whole population assembled outside the prisons, and the authorities hurriedly opened the doors without waiting for orders from Madrid."

Before 1927 there were no Marxists in Spain. Since then they have increased rapidly, and count their greatest number of adherents among the Catalan peasantry. Nin claimed that they were gaining ground from the Anarchists in the working quarters of Barcelona, although in another Anarchist stronghold, Saragossa, they had met with no success. He gave me no data as to the numerical strength of his party, but declared that it was growing steadily as a moral force. In the sense that the minds of the Spanish workers are being prepared for Communism, this is perfectly true. To whatever organisation they belong, they cannot help being familiar with Communist slogans and the emblem of the hammer and sickle which are to be found painted on the walls of towns and villages all over Catalonia and Castile.

The official Communist Party is at once more influential and less exclusive. I made my first direct contact with it in Barcelona at a Communist and Socialist Youth meeting, similar to others which have been held lately all over Spain. The Barcelona meeting drew some eight hundred young Communists and Socialists. They were a cheerful and disciplined lot, and gave me as strong an impression of vitality as anything I have seen in the field of Spanish politics. Whether singing the "International" or greeting with rhythmic

shouts of " U.H.P." (the slogan of the Workers' Alliance) the arrival of a delegation from the Asturias, they embodied a new spirit of optimism and purpose.

The object of the meeting was to found an organisation which will embrace all the Labour youth of the country, provide for them sports, camps and political education, and thus counteract the Catholic and Fascist youth organisations. For the workers it is hoped to create a single union which will fuse together the Anarchist and Socialist syndicates. The Marxists are dismissed in one phrase: " Enemies of Soviet Russia must be friends of the bourgeoisie." The Popular Front is to be maintained at full strength in order to constitute a " militia against capitalism," and combat the Fascist and reactionary elements which are hampering the present Government " in spite of its intentions."

The significance of this movement must be rated high. Should it succeed in its double object of uniting the youth and workers of the militant Left, it will wield a power far greater than that of the parliamentary Popular Front or even of the Workers' Alliance. Whether the red shirts of the Socialists or the blue shirts of the Communists are eventually to be its controlling force is a question which for the moment is left unanswered. What is certain, however, is that the initiative comes from the Communists, and that the most prominent advocate of the *rapprochement* is Señor Largo Caballero, a Left Socialist who is moving towards Communism.

The purely Communist forces in Spain are represented, therefore, by the Communist Left, which remains crystallised in splendid isolation among the theories of Marx, but has through its leaders a strong connection with the Workers' Alliance, and by the official Communist Party which, while standing firm by the principles of the Third International, is reaching out a hand to Socialists and Anarchists alike, and not pressing overmuch the superiority of its own doctrines as long as there is a common enemy still to be destroyed.

The common enemy is labelled Fascism, which is in fact a misnomer, since it includes all the forces of reaction—the big landowners, the wealthy religious orders, the industrial capitalists and the monarchists-by-sentiment. These form a heavy, inert mass which by sheer bulk will get in the way of the Left, but which is bound ultimately to be swept away. They are neither united nor in any direction progressive. Fascism proper, in the sense of a militant group with a programme in some way adapted to new conditions, is only to be found in the Falange Española (Spanish Phalanx), which is led by Don José Primo de Rivera, the barrister son of the late Dictator.

The Phalanx consists of students, sons (and sometimes daughters) of wealthy families, and of a few workers attracted by its programme of " national syndicalism." Of the twenty-seven points of this programme the following are the most important:

(1) Spain is one and indivisible. " Separatism is a crime which we shall not pardon."

(2) Development of a militaristic and imperialistic spirit.

(3) Abolition of political parties.

(4) Abolition of capitalism in favour of the syndicalist state.

(5) Agriculture to be reformed by the rationalisation of all landed property.

(6) The Church to be an integral part of the new State.

(7) The new order to be implanted by means of a " national revolution." " Life is a battle and it has to be lived in a pure spirit of service and sacrifice."

The programme is at present worth no more than the paper on which it is printed. The Fascists, with half their members in prison, are fighting a desperate rearguard action of terrorism. Attacks on prominent persons, such as the attempt on Señor Jiménez de Asúa, the interim president of the Cortes, the wrecking of Señor Ortega y Gasset's house by a bomb hidden in a basket of eggs, and the murder of the High Court Judge, Pedregal, as he was walking home from his club, alternate with the murder and maiming of obscure workmen. The Phalanx does not disown these attacks, but claims that they are acts of retaliation. It is, of course, correct that the Syndicalists have their gunmen, too.

I could not see Don José Primo de Rivera because at the time of my visit he was in prison, but I called at his house armed with an appointment with his brother, Don Miguel. The door, secured by a chain, was half-opened by a well-dressed young gentleman. I went in. Inside, half a dozen more young gentlemen lounged and talked in a room which was half ante-chamber, half typist's office. It was Sunday morning and Don Miguel was still at Mass. Would I wait? I waited. We were all very hearty but well-bred. A workman arrived in blue overalls, and was slapped on the back. When Don Miguel arrived, we went into a drawing-room hung with portraits of ancestors. We were in an atmosphere of wealth and " family." Don Miguel told me little that is not already contained in the programme of the Phalanx. He referred me to his brother, who in prison would have leisure to answer any written questions I cared to send. He did, however, say this much on the subject of terrorist attacks: " We are a militant body. We answer force by force, and our principle is that for every member of ours who is killed, one or more of the enemy shall fall. Did you know that Pedregal was the head of a Communist student organisation which had already shot two of our people? You ask if we at headquarters order these attacks? No; but our members are often forced to act on their own initiative. They alone can decide, according to the place and circumstances, whether the time for action has come."

I asked Don Miguel what would be the effect on the Spanish Phalanx of the recent law against the Fascist Leagues. " None at all," he replied. " We have already disbanded."

He showed me out with friendly courtesy, having promised to take my questionnaire with him on his next visit to the prison.

It is fairly evident that the Spanish Fascists are in full retreat. Their desperate acts defeat their own ends by irritating public opinion against them. If Spain ever again had a Right-wing Government, solidly supported by all ranks of the army and the police, the tale would be different. The time for that, however, has passed, and with it a great load has been lifted from Spain.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

A LONDON DIARY

LÉON BLUM has led the Socialist Opposition of the French Chamber since 1919. He has always refused to join in a Government except as the head of the largest party. The conditions are at last fulfilled and this able, tough and reputedly " doctrinaire " Socialist is to be Premier. I am not sure that he will be doctrinaire in office. Blum is an " intellectual " as well as a politician—an authority amongst other things on Stendhal. But in spite of the common opinion, to be an intellectual is not a proof of incapacity for Government. Blum's health is much better than it has been for a long time as a result of his compulsory rest in the country after being beaten up by the Fascists. He is not groaning about the difficulties, though they are admittedly great. He talks about seizing a great opportunity. I believe that everything would be much easier if France went off gold, and I am sorry to hear that the Communists who support, but seem unlikely to join, the Government are opposed to devaluation and that the orthodox M. Vincent Auriol is suggested as Minister of Finance. The dangers of going off gold are always greatly exaggerated, and a Socialist Government that is a slave to gold is also a slave to financiers. Once the bump is over, the losses are soon forgotten and the benefits realised. At some point every Left Government must be confronted with the choice of incurring the charge of being revolutionary and fighting vested interests to the bitter end, or of letting them dictate policy and holding on to office until it goes down in the kind of disaster that destroyed Mr. MacDonald's Government in 1931. If France does go off gold, the Left may succeed in

doing some really important things (bringing the Bank of France under control, for instance) in the first impetus of popularity.

* * *

Lord Lytton was the star turn at the big Albert Hall meeting on the Abyssinian question last Saturday. He boldly said that he was prepared for military sanctions against Italy, and added, more boldly still, that he was not prepared to support any war waged exclusively in our national interest. He stood, he said, for something greater, and when an ironical interrupter asked him if he meant the British Empire, he said, "No," he was only prepared to risk a war in defence of the peace of the world. Major Attlee's speech was even better phrased than usual, which is saying a lot. If he goes on making speeches such as he made on Saturday night, the time may come when even Conservative newspapers will notice that he has brains and wit. (This paper quoted at the time his brilliant comment on the Laval-Hoare proposals. When it was suggested that they would have gone through quietly if introduced decently at Geneva, he said: "It was not the betrayal that mattered, but the absence of the kiss"—a phrase that would have been in all the headlines if made by Winston Churchill or Lloyd George.) I liked his remark that if we had no collective security in our domestic society, Lord Rothermere and his millions would soon be parted. But the best summary of the Italian situation came from Sir Archibald Sinclair, who referred to the strange proposal to come to terms with the gangster and send the League to a reformatory. I was rather sorry for the Dean of Chichester who unwittingly provided a bright interlude in an otherwise serious evening. He was convinced (surely on inadequate evidence) that Christ would have wanted the good Samaritan to fight if he had come along while the victim of aggression was still being beaten up and had not yet been left for dead. He was all against Christian Pacifists. When he said: "We all know what God is like," a voice replied: "We don't."

* * *

Paragraphs have been appearing in the papers recently about the indignation of East African settlers at the notion that Tanganyika might be returned to Germany. An East African settler who lives in Kenya and who is devoted to the country has just returned on a boat full of settlers and officials from Kenya and Tanganyika. According to his account, those telegrams about outraged British sentiment must be worked up by a handful of people who completely misrepresent white opinion in East Africa. My friend declares that he has discussed the matter with many people from Kenya and Tanganyika and has found a wide-spread view that to pass over the Mandate would matter very little and would be well worth while if it would ease the situation in Europe. He agrees that this is a complete and remarkable change from the patriotic anti-German feeling with which Sir Donald Cameron used to have to contend, when he insisted on abiding by the letter and spirit of the Mandate and keeping the door open to Germans as to others in Tanganyika. I shall be interested to discover whether other East African residents confirm this account.

* * *

The great question, of course, is whether the transference of a Mandate to Germany would really relieve the situation in Europe. How far can the Fascist menace be averted and the situation be improved by giving Fascist States what they demand? Not in my view very far. The more one studies the expansionist arguments produced by Mussolini and Hitler, the more bogus they seem. Several good studies have recently been made of these questions of population, raw materials, and the rest of it. Mr. Lionel Birch has produced a useful little study of the subject called *The Demand for Colonies*, and an important book on *Raw Materials and International Control* has just been written by Mr. H. R. G. Greaves (Methuen, 5s.). It is a detailed examination of the existing control of coal, petrol, wheat, iron and steel, timber, rubber and other raw materials. It should be read in conjunction with Norman Angell's *This Have and Have-Not Business* (just published by Hamish Hamilton, price 5s.). The familiar population argument dissolves into thin air under Angell's examination; as for raw materials they belong to those that can buy them—the difficulty is glut, not shortage. But Angell admits that Ottawa Agreements and such-like efforts to restrict markets do constitute a grievance; they are part of the general lunacy which insists that we should all sell as much as possible and buy as little as possible. If we can face the facts there may yet be some value in a new economic conference. But it would be worse than useless to call a conference unless it was known beforehand what the "Have-Nots" were going to demand and unless we had made up our own minds what offer we were prepared to make, and even then, the central aim should be not a transference of property, but a modification of economic policy. Angell is right that ownership of a colony makes comparatively little difference. It is nationalist economics and Fascist psychology which are driving us all to war.

* * *

The other evening at the Gate Theatre I was intensely interested by the Parnell play—and exasperated. When dramatising historical events, a playwright must compress the facts, but he should not deliberately distort them. A spectator who knew nothing of history would leave the theatre believing that Gladstone was gratified by the Parnell divorce scandal, if not actually responsible for it. He is even represented as having promised to move a Home Rule Bill and making the divorce an excuse for not doing so. This is absurd; he was not at that time (1890) Prime Minister; he had been in Opposition four years; and when he got back into office (1892) he at once did move a Home Rule Bill. He may have been wrong in his belief that Parnell's continued leadership would disastrously alienate both English Liberals and Irish Nationalists. (The success of the subsequent clerical campaign in Ireland against Parnell suggests that he was not wrong.) But in any case his action was dictated by a passionate anxiety to give Ireland Home Rule before he died. And it is monstrous to represent it as one more English plot against Irish freedom. I am not supporting the censorship of the play: if historical accuracy were a reason for censorship very few historical plays and even fewer historical films would ever be shown. But the historical perversions of this play, which is excellent drama beautifully acted, do seem to me particularly gratuitous, and I think the family of Mr. Gladstone has at least as good cause to complain as the family of Captain O'Shea.

* * *

Stranded for the night at a particularly dull provincial hotel, I had nothing better to do at dinner than to listen to the conversation of the party at the next table. Other people's conversation is often most instructive when most pointless. The man in the party was relating an anecdote: "I was going to the Church Hall," he said, "when I saw the woman. There is a nice piece of grass in front of the Church, you know, and I saw her deliberately open the gate and put her dog through it. Of course, it scratched up the ground and made no end of a mess. I told her that I did not think it at all a nice thing to do. 'Oh,' she said, 'it's quite all right, I always do it.' 'Well,' I said, 'it does not seem at all nice to me; I consider it lacking in reverence to the Church.'" There was a pause at the end of the anecdote. Then a lady at the other end of the table said: "Well, I call that a good laugh." There was another pause, rather more awkward this time. The man looked hurt. "All I can say," he said, "is that I did not like it at all."

* * *

It was a luscious film. The rich young lady constantly informed the poor but honest hero that she liked him, but did not love him. "I've told you, I don't love you, I don't love you," she repeated. Behind me a wistful female voice breaking with emotion, sobbed out, "But she *does!*" And she did. Who was it who said that the secret of a best-seller was the procrastination of sexual surrender?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Hubert Leslie.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Major Harding de Fonblanque Cox, known to intimates as "Cockie," appointed at the age of eighty-one by Lord Tyrrell, film censor, to act as assistant reader of scripts, raised a warning finger. He said: "*I shall preserve a perfectly open mind, but I will not countenance vulgarity. No, my boy, let us show clean films in the old country.*" His enthusiasm grew as he continued, "I shall judge film stories as I would horseflesh or a dog. I shall look for clean lines. The same critical faculties with which I think I am gifted in the show ring will be brought to bear in my new task."

Major Harding Cox, educated at Harrow and Cambridge, a former M.F.H., life member of the Garrick and Leander Clubs, authority on fishing in Bosnia and Herzegovina, spoke of Mae West.

He also spoke of the survival of the soul, his conviction that the aura lives on after death, and his grave doubts whether the ego survives. His book *Fringes of Philosophy* is now in the hands of publishers. But Mae West came first.

He said: "I am a man of the world, a broad-minded fellow, and they used to say I was a good judge of women. Personally, I think Mae is interesting as a curiosity, but, as I say, I shall judge her as I would a horse, er . . . er . . . or, say, a fox terrier. You know I founded the Fox Terrier Club. I shall look for good clean lines."

The major is a keen cinema-goer. He never pays more than half a crown for a seat, and rarely attends evening performances. This reminded him of a problem that confronts him in his new work. He said: "I fall fast asleep if I try to work during the day, but can tackle any mortal thing at 4 a.m. I suffer from lethargia inherited from my father. Lord Tyrrell understands my disability."—*Sunday Express.*

There is no doubt that the result of the elections has been a severe shock to the French people.—*Observer.*

The novel is a special English responsibility, since, despite all distortions of hypocrisy, the English race has realised and established a pattern of sexual happiness which has not otherwise existed in the world.—Mr. Basil de Selincourt in *Observer.*

Mr. R. J. R. Kerruish (Magdalen) opened his speech by quoting Lord Redesdale's remark that to abolish the House of Lords would be to strike at the very foundations of Christianity.—*The Isis.*

Watson's was a fine display of solid competence. When his wicket fell the siren of a great barge passing down the Severn gave off a mournful and prolonged sound as though bewailing the departure of a kindred spirit.—*Daily Mail.*

London is a happier, sunnier and more cheerful place for the return of Lord and Lady Plunket. . . . She is deservedly adored by those people of great discernment, the cloakroom attendants of the popular clubs and restaurants and, like the shop assistants who serve the rich and famous, believe me they know.—*Bystander.*

The principle of vicarious suffering pervades history, some suffering and dying for the good of others. The mother for her sick child, the doctor in his laboratory, the missionary among the heathen, the soldier on the battlefield—these suffer and sometimes die that others may live and be happy and well. Is it not in accordance with this great principle that animals should play their part by sometimes suffering and dying to help in keeping Britons hardy, healthy and brave, in providing healthful recreation for so many, in providing the means of livelihood for many thousands?—The Rev. J. Price (Vicar of Talley) on blood sports.—*Western Mail.*

ANXIETY NEUROSIS

I READ an article in a newspaper the other day in which a psychologist declared that smoking too much is a sign of anxiety neurosis. I at once tried to recall some of the heaviest smokers I have known in order to test the truth of the statement. Having discovered that, according to some psychologist or other, everybody—however he behaves—is suffering from an "inferiority complex" and that everybody—however he behaves—is a "pathological case," I was suspicious of a new classification which lumped together a large number of my friends and acquaintances as people suffering from "anxiety neurosis."

Were those retired sea-captains I used to know, who seemed able to smoke brown Cavendish all day long, secretly tortured by anxiety despite their air of imperturbable calm? They looked like men who could have faced a mutiny or a typhoon without a flurry of the pulse. Yet it is possible that a square jaw and a strong and humorous mouth may be no evidence of the absence of anxiety. Some of these seamen, I knew, were disturbed about their souls, and some of them—with considerably more reason—about their sons' souls. That may have been why they smoked all day. I do not know, but, at least, I cannot bring them forward as witnesses to disprove the statement of the psychologist. Then there was the head-constable in the Royal Irish Constabulary. He began the day by smoking a pipeful of strong tobacco before breakfast. He lived till the age of eighty, having never had a day's illness till just before the end, and he went through life with an almost lazy-looking good humour that would remain unruffled through a week's riots. What secret anxiety preyed on him, then, that he smoked all the time when he was off duty? Was he, too, troubled about his soul and his sons' souls? I do not think so, for he was one of those tolerant, easygoing, optimistic, affectionate parents who do not meet trouble half way, whether the troubles of to-day or to-morrow or the troubles of life after death. I am convinced that the head constable at least smoked all day simply because he enjoyed smoking.

As for myself, that is another matter. I am one of the people whom the psychologist might confidently call as witnesses. I am a heavy smoker (except that I do not smoke before breakfast) and all my life I have been a prey to anxiety. I cannot have been many years old when I became exceedingly anxious both about this world and about the next. I breathed in anxiety on my nurse's knee. I learned from her into how very dangerous a world I had been born. The majority of the inhabitants of my country apparently were men, women and children who were restrained only by the police from cutting her and my throats. If they had not wished to do so, I gathered, they would have been false to their religion. Certainly, from her brief but pictorial summaries of history, the followers of this religion seemed to be master craftsmen in the most unpleasant forms of murder. Sometimes they would burn you alive, sometimes they would tie you to a cart's tail and drag you along the ground till you died; sometimes they would bind you to a stake at low tide and leave you there till the incoming tide drowned you; and sometimes, when they were in too much of a hurry to do any of these things, they would cut your throat. She never actually produced any evidence that any member of our family, or even any neighbour, had been burned alive or left to be drowned by the incoming tide by over-religious fellow-countrymen or fellow-townsmen; but she showed me some startling pictures of similar events that had happened in other countries and other centuries—pictures that made me decidedly anxious as to what might happen in Belfast if the police got the worst of it in the Falls Road.

It might be thought that a brave little boy, hearing of such things, would take a vow that when he grew up he would devote his life to the task of cleansing his country of this sanguinary religion. I was not a brave little boy, however, and I realised even at the age of five that the police were far more capable than I of cracking the criminal skull of the Scarlet Woman. Besides, I had other anxieties—anxieties that would have lost none of their acuteness even if the Scarlet Woman had been banished from the earth. I was anxious about death—both my own death and the death of other members of my family—and (though not quite to the same degree) about what would happen after death. It is true that, according to my nurse's description, the Devil seemed to be almost as wicked a character as the Scarlet Woman; but I never believed for an instant that any of the

other members of the family would fall into his clutches, and I believed that with luck even I should be able to outwit him with a last-moment conversion. I am sure that as a child I was much more appalled by the thought of death than by the thought of Hell. If I had known any blasphemous words, I should often, as I lay in bed and meditated on what had happened in the Garden of Eden, have cursed Eve and her apple and poor, idiotic Adam for the way in which they had destroyed the chances of the Y. family of living in the north of Ireland for ever. It was not only the thought of death that was appalling, but the thought that we should all die at different times. I used to pray ardently that we should all die at the same moment.

Burdened with such anxieties, I naturally turned to tobacco at an early age for consolation. One day, when my father was out, I went to his study, took down his briar pipe, filled it with the powerful mixture he smoked, lit it, sat down in his armchair and began to puff. I had not been smoking more than a minute or two, however, when I became a prey to anxiety that had no relation either to the Pope or to the sin of our first parents. The world swam before me. If an emissary of the Pope had just then come into the room and told me that he was going to burn me at the stake, I should have said to him, if I had been able to articulate: "Go ahead. It can't be worse than this." I crept under the desk and lay down to die.

It may have been because of this first failure to find balm for anxiety neurosis in tobacco that I continued to live under the curse of anxiety during my boyhood. I became less anxious about the Scarlet Woman; I put the thought of death aside as much as possible; anxieties as to black faces peering through the slit left by the moving blind at the bedroom window and as to the unknown thing that might be lying in wait in the dark drawing-room as I went upstairs at night diminished in intensity. But other anxieties took their place. They always do. If you are born anxious you have to be anxious about something.

Not that I grew up unhappy. So far as I can judge, a considerable amount of anxiety, as of melancholy, is no preventive of happiness. We see human beings deliberately playing with anxiety as a form of amusement. As a boy, I paid a shilling or more to see Blondin walking blindfold across a tightrope as high as a house top. He pretended to stumble as he stepped on to the rope and to regain his balance with difficulty. Everybody who watched him must have been in an agony of anxiety. I certainly was. Yet few of us went home the unhappier for the experience. If human beings regarded anxiety as the enemy of happiness, how greatly diminished the crowds would be at football matches! Go to a well-contested football match if you want to see some of the most anxious and at the same time some of the happiest people in the world.

It may be argued that these minor anxieties are deliberately resorted to in order to enable human beings to escape from the major anxieties of life. Excessive love of football itself may be a sign of anxiety neurosis. If so, what is to be done about it? Ought human beings to continue to try to forget their profounder anxieties in football and tobacco? Or is there a cure for anxiety that would be hastened if they gave up football and tobacco? Brought up among phantom anxieties, we grow to manhood only to discover that the world is full of real anxieties no less dreadful than the phantoms. This, according to the psychologist, is exceedingly good for the tobacco trade, but it is good for no one else. If I thought that by giving up tobacco I could acquire the unanxious temperament of Horace's "just man," I would gladly—or, perhaps, I should say, reluctantly—give up tobacco. The worst of it is that, while anxiety is the cause of excessive smoking, it is not cured by it. As the world smokes more and more, it seems to become more and more anxious. O, to be a just man in a world so harrowed by anxiety, or, if that is impossible, to own shares in one of the great tobacco firms!

Y. Y.

BENITOLAND

"Mussolini . . . may announce at any moment that Abyssinia is to be called Benitoland."—May 8th, *Star*.

BENITOLAND, utopian
realm of imperial omen,
where even the Ethiopian
may learn to be a Roman,
there all will be rewarded
who sped Rome's hop to glory,
their aid and trade recorded
in re-named territory—

Monte Laval ascending
majestic in the pluvia,
and Via Flandin wending
athwart the moist alluvia,
while Swiss supporters dump there
snug Alpine hotel chalets,
and oil vendors pump their
concessions in the valleys.

The peace of Rome enfolding
the landscape Abyssinian
may soon be felt re-moulding
the League in its dominion,
till, firmly reinstated,
Geneva yet may be
to Italy mandated
with a German guarantee.

SAGITTARIUS

"THE BALANCE OF NATURE"

"THE Balance of Nature" is one of the most loosely applied expressions in our language, since the even tenor and the nicety of adjustment implied by the word "balance" does not exist in Nature for any length of time. The world over, first one plant or animal type enjoys its hour of dominance and then gives way to some other form which, for a while, monopolises the immediate prospect. Further, the plant and animal kingdoms have been thrown out of gear by the steady ascendancy of Man, the ever-shifting balance of power between plant and plant and beast and beast having been complicated by his often unconscious efforts. It is only in comparatively recent times that any understanding of these risings and fallings of power has been arrived at, such phenomena being formerly put down to miraculous happenings beyond man's ken or control.

A typical illustration may be cited from Rich's work *The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland*. Some years ago a small strip of heather land in Scotland supported a thriving grouse population. The advent of a few black-headed gulls took the owner's fancy and as a result of protection a colony of over three thousand had formed by the close of 1925. The constant trampling of these large-footed birds, together with the changes in the soil created by their guano, ousted the heather and gave rise to coarse grass, sedges, and the formation of shallow pools. As a result, the grouse left and herds of teal and other duck took their place. Finally, the gulls became such a menace that they were suppressed, when the balance swung back to its former position, grouse and heather once more coming into power.

In our own relatively sheltered and intensively cultivated land, endless examples of changing balance are continually manifesting themselves. The grey squirrel, introduced some thirty odd years ago as a pleasant addition to our woodland landscapes, is now a pest owing to its wide range of diet and destructive propensities and is well on its way to exterminate our native species. The rabbit, believed to have been introduced into England at the time of the Norman Conquest, stripped the fir and larch seedlings from our plateaux, thereby going far towards creating the heathlands now so

characteristic of this country. It is now known that the rabbit's greatest ally was the pheasant, for wherever this bird was cultivated an intensive slaughter of carnivores such as foxes, badgers, stoats and weasels resulted, thus removing some of the rabbit's most potent enemies. To-day, the rabbit is much more of a curse than a blessing; its by-products such as flesh, felt and gelatine far from compensate for the damage it does by devouring the crops and tunnelling the soil. It has established itself on such a scale that its extermination is now impossible.

We have been more fortunate with the imported musk rat, whose ravages were, at a heavy cost of labour and money, suppressed ruthlessly a few years after its introduction.

Human history is full of disastrous tamperings with the balance of Nature. A perfect example on the small scale is that of the American Guano Syndicate that killed off the sea lions that shared the fish that supported the birds forming the guano deposits on a certain group of islands off the coast of California. Instead of the guano shares booming, as was anticipated by the financial magnates, they collapsed, for it transpired long after the syndicate had gone into liquidation that the sea lions had acted the part of sheepdogs, driving the fish within reach of the birds. When the sea lions were killed the birds were forced to wander far afield for their food, and they did so, never to return. Almost as good an example is that which followed the introduction of goldfish into Madagascar. Many years ago the representatives of the Government of that island visited Europe, where they saw goldfish for the first time. So impressed were they with the beautiful golden tints of these fish that, on their return, they brought home with them some thousands of specimens with the object of introducing them into their native ponds, streams and rivers. In the case of these fish, they increased in such prodigious numbers that they exterminated the only edible fresh-water fish on the island. The goldfish, intended to beautify, further added insult to injury by reverting to their ancestral coloration —a dirty olive-grey.

It is only during comparatively recent years that the introduction of new plants or animals has been given a consideration reaching beyond the immediate benefits promised by such introductions. This consideration becomes even more important when we consider the enormous potentialities for good or evil which may be wielded by apparently quite insignificant plants or animals. No one, for example, imagined until recently that the little long-legged African rodents, known as gerbils, were a menace to civilisation. It is now known that, like rats, they may, through the medium of their fleas, be the disseminators of bubonic plague, and a few years ago a huge area of the South African Union became infested by plague-infected gerbils. Gerbils are strictly nocturnal feeders but crawl out of their burrows by day if infected with plague, and thus exposed they are eaten by the diurnal mongoose. To-day the scientists of the South African Union research stations encourage the mongoose and keep watch on its dejecta for signs of gerbil fur—a sure indication that infection is rife amongst the rodents.

Our growing realisation of the complex interplay between plants and animals has within the last half-century given rise to the vast and important science known as economic entomology. The greater our achievements in agriculture the more widespread is the invitation to the insect hosts to rise up and destroy the fruits of our labours. As a result, biologists the world over are now applying themselves to playing off one species of insect against another, which is often the only effective method of keeping a pest down where huge areas are under cultivation. This becomes a matter of drastic urgency when an insect is accidentally introduced into a new area untenanted by any of its natural enemies. Not long ago the coconuts of Fiji were threatened by a moth. The team of scientists that was employed to search the coast of the Pacific in search of a remedy found an effective enemy of the moth in a species of Ichneumon fly, and the coconut trees were saved.

Often great difficulty is experienced in introducing the insect whose beneficent properties are known. Thus, in the case of the coconut moth's parasite, a steamer had to be specially chartered to rush the consignment of flies to Fiji from Malaya, where the insect enemy of the moth was originally found. Still more dramatic was the introduction of a fly from New Guinea to Hawaii, four thousand miles away. It was required to save the sugar canes from a destructive beetle—the weevil. It being almost impossible to rear the fly in cages and the insect having but a short life-cycle, successive generations were bred at points of call *en route* and these relayed.

Not long ago a huge scheme was set afoot to combat the prickly pear, introduced into Australia from Africa and enjoying more than its fair share of its adopted land. Organised efforts led to the establishment of an Australian-owned research station in Texas, where several kinds of insects—a moth, the cochineal plant bug, and a species of mite—were farmed and subsequently shipped to the rescue of Australian agriculturists.

Attempts to control or even to study systematically the vast web of life under the waters are a matter of only a few years' history, the difficulties offered being greater than those affecting colonists ashore. The chance introduction of the Slipper limpet from U.S.A. to our shores less than half a century ago has threatened our oysters with a menace for which no effective remedy has yet been found. This mollusc literally smothers the oysters, and its dead shells are now amongst the most common objects on almost every beach. Over two hundred tons were dredged in the Essex area alone during the past year.

More fortunate was the chance deposit by shipwreck many years ago of a consignment of Portuguese oysters from the mouth of the Tagus off Archachon on the Bay of Biscay, a happy mischance which led to that small town becoming Europe's greatest centre of oyster farming.

E. G. BOULENGER

Correspondence

THE ASTUTENESS OF MR. BALDWIN

SIR,—On the continent the cleverness of British diplomacy was once as notorious as its perfidy. The shock of British diplomatic defeats in the last five years has been all the more severe. The European press now agrees that Britain is decadent; her statesmen still talk big, but when the test comes in Asia, in Europe or in the Mediterranean, they scuttle away to their holes like so many rabbits in lions' clothing.

Now I, Sir, have known England for many years. I believe the British fleet to be as powerful as ever and the British character to be unchanged. The Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, is regarded as a particularly astute, as well as a characteristic, Englishman. How, then, am I to explain the paradox of British discomfiture? I have hit upon an explanation which may at first sound extravagant but which must, I think, be correct. The clue is Mr. Baldwin himself. I have been reading his speeches which were published last autumn in a pleasantly bound volume called *The Torch of Freedom*. The subjects of these speeches are significant. "Our freedom is our own," "The love of country things," "The Bible," "Shakespeare," "Scott," "Old Sarum," "William Morris." Even where his subject was "The wealth and glory of Britain" he talked about the fine traditions of English liberty, not about Disraeli, or the primrose path of Empire. Mr. Baldwin is not an imperialist; he is at heart a lover of pre-industrial England. He hates grandiose notions of expansion just as he loves the Worcestershire countryside. Though he is related to Rudyard Kipling he sponsors the works of Mary Webb, not the ideas and values of *Stalky & Co.* In short, he is a little Englander. He dislikes all foreigners. And he knows that the England he loves could never survive another war. Hence alone among English statesmen, he has had the courage to declare that the "bomber will always get through" and that an aerial bombardment can only result in the destruction of the Government and general chaos.

With this in mind I re-examined British policy and suddenly saw the whole thing in a flash. *Just because he is hated by your Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere, he has succeeded in persuading them to force him to give up the British Empire.* In their anxiety to defeat him and the League of Nations (which was invented

to secure the loot which Britain and France took from Germany in the last war) they have themselves surrendered British interests which they would certainly have wanted to fight for, had they not been guaranteed by the League.

Fantastic? Consider the facts. In 1931 Japan began a process of conquest, obviously destined to destroy British influence in the Far East. It threatened British investments in China and in the long run meant that Britain could not defend India or Australia. If Mr. Baldwin had called upon British imperialists to stand against the "yellow peril" in defence of their own interests, would the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express* have turned a complacent eye upon the rape of China? Would they not have been willing to shed the last drops of other people's blood to defend the Empire? As it was, when British industrialists went there later to salvage a few crumbs of reward as the price of complacency, they met, as they were bound to meet, with an unmistakable intimation that the promised open door was no longer even ajar. Thus the opposition to the League of Nations led to the surrender of the Empire without a world war. Mr. Baldwin knew that British Conservatives would only rally to defend British interests; he only had to explain that these interests are in fact League interests and the Conservative Party hastens to disown them.

The case of Italy and Abyssinia is even more striking. It is the British Imperialists who in order to destroy the League have been led by the wily Mr. Baldwin into giving away British control of the Mediterranean, the route to India, and her strategic position in Egypt and the Sudan, and indeed throughout the whole Near East. Any one of these issues would have been enough to make our British Imperialists see red, if they had been presented as British interests. In that case Britain would have been at war long ago. Alternatively if the Government had supported the League whole-heartedly and told Mussolini that he knew not the stomach of the British people if he thought his aggression would not meet with a resolute resistance of the British fleet—then in all probability British interests (as well, incidentally, as Abyssinia) would have been preserved and there would have been no war. But because British Imperialists hated the League more than they loved the Empire, Mr. Baldwin was easily able to persuade them to be the complacent spectators of an Italian victory and a British defeat. Was ever an Empire so cunningly and willingly surrendered by its most vociferous champions?

So it happens again in Europe. It has always been an axiom of British policy that England stands slightly aloof in loose association against the strongest Imperial power on the Continent. Once again Germany is the most powerful European country, again aiming at Empire and demanding the return of the colonies. If Mr. Baldwin had been an Imperialist he would talk about the German menace and urge an alliance with France and Russia and other League powers. Instead he says our frontiers are on the Rhine. He hopes, no doubt, that when the next war comes Little England may remain in happy isolation while Europe is devastated with shells and poison gas. Astonishingly the Imperialists once more play his game because they hate the League. The *Daily Mail*, which for many months after Versailles, printed daily headings "They Will Have You Yet Those Junkers," enthusiastically advocates a policy which can only lead to complete German domination of the continent, while Lord Beaverbrook, anxious to down Mr. Baldwin and magnify the British Empire, daily raises his prodigious clamour for a policy of isolation which makes defence of the Empire impossible and leads, if Mr. Baldwin's calculation is correct, straight to his ideal of "Little England." Did Machiavelli ever think of anything half so subtle?

Yes, my interpretation of the last five years of British diplomacy is that British prestige and power have been voluntarily surrendered by British Imperialists, who have fought the Little Englanders' battle in the belief that they were doing down the League of Nations. If this was not deliberate Machiavellism on the part of Mr. Baldwin, if he is not really a subtle and long-sighted diplomat, determined to rid the Worcester countryside of the vulgar excrescences which fly the Union Jack in so many parts of the world, if he is not the most astute of British Prime-Ministers, what alternative explanation is there for the surrender of the British Empire?

EUROPEAN OBSERVER

AIR SECURITY

SIR,—Mr. Jonathan Griffith's proposal to substitute anti-aircraft guns for bombers and granaries for ships of war would, I fear, fulfil neither the purpose of collective security nor a defence in the absence of a collective system. With these purely localised establishments the country would be unable to make any contribution whatever to a common cause. It could not move any military force across the sea to co-operate with its foreign colleagues, for there would be no protection for the force on its passage. It would not give security to the country, for though the people might, for a limited time, be furnished with bread, they would lack meat. Neither anti-aircraft guns nor granaries would guard the country against blockade or capture of its shipping on the oceanic and the coastal routes. Any country, possessing even the most meagre navy, could bring the whole movement of shipping to an immediate standstill. The shipping industry would come to a standstill, and foreign shipping would be unable to take its place. A blockade of the Thames would mean the evacuation of more than half the population of London. The imports which industry needs would not reach the country, exports would cease and unemployment on a scale which it is easy to contemplate would result throughout the whole country. The Report of the Royal Commission on Food Supplies in War (1904) rejected the proposals for granaries, and nothing that has since happened has, so far as I am aware, vitiated the conclusions which that commission reached.

H. W. RICHMOND
Admiral

Jesus College, Cambridge.

BRITAIN AND THE LEAGUE

SIR,—I think there are errors in Mr. Brailsford's analysis of the situation that partly vitiate his conclusions: (1) He overestimates the rigidity of French policy and underestimates the influence of British policy in shaping events since 1931. From May, 1932, for instance, when the General Election brought in a 'Left' Government, until February 6th, 1934, when it was overthrown by Fascist rioting, French policy at the Disarmament Conference and in the Sino-Japanese conflict was less bad than British. In the Italo-Abyssinian conflict the French "National" Government was only a little worse than our own "National" Government, and even this was due largely to the arguments supplied to French pro-Fascists by the Anglo-German Naval Agreement and by our Government's refusal to take part in guarantees of security covering all Europe. In any case, British policy was a decisive factor in the Far East, at the Disarmament Conference, and in the Mediterranean, whereas French policy is a secondary factor outside the Continent of Europe.

(2) Mr. Brailsford ascribes the rise of the Nazis entirely to international causes, and notably to the Versailles Treaty, reparations, and the Ruhr. But the Nazis, like the Japanese militarists, owe their rise chiefly to social causes, to wit, the great slump (the Italian Fascists came in as the result of the first post-war slump and went to war as the way out of the great slump).

(3) Mr. Brailsford exaggerates the extent to which the Covenant preserves sovereignty. Sovereignty is not mentioned in the Covenant, and there is nothing in that document, which was purposely made loose and flexible, to prevent such Members of the League as choose to do so from drawing together into a "World Commonwealth" or "Socialist Confederation" group of States within the League. On the contrary, the very existence of the Covenant and the political demands for peace and political goodwill associated with the League in public opinion, here as elsewhere, provide the only possible basis for such a policy.

Mr. Brailsford's analysis in (1) and (2) is essentially that of the Liberals, and should logically lead to Lord Lothian's solution of regarding the Fascist regimes as "dissatisfied" Powers which should be made safe for peace by giving them a free hand to acquire other people's territory by war. To this should be added, also *à la* Lord Lothian, a marked bias in favour of the ill-used Germans and against the wicked French.

But Mr. Brailsford's solution is almost wholly irrelevant to his analysis. He says we should advocate a Federation of Socialist and like-minded States. I heartily agree. But at this point the faulty analysis under (3) partly vitiates even this essentially sound proposal. It is not necessary to turn our backs on the League and to scrap Labour's foreign policy and start afresh in order to advocate this solution. By doing so we should raise insuperable political and psychological obstacles in our path, for we should split the Labour Movement and part company with the very forces in the country on which we must rely to back our policy. Surely the right course is to develop and to apply to the present situation that part of Labour's foreign policy which calls for a new start with the League by the formation of a group of States, based on Article 21 of the Covenant, which is prepared to go all the way as regards not only pooled defence but a common

foreign and colonial policy and far-reaching economic co-operation. This "new start" is explicitly described in the War and Peace memorandum adopted at Weymouth and Southport, in *For Socialism and Peace* (p. 10), and in Mr. Henderson's book *Labour's Way to Peace* (Chap. 8, especially pp. 84–86). Why advocate abandoning the Labour Movement's declared policy when all that is needed is a bold and realistic application of that policy to the present circumstances?

This question also applies to Mr. Brailsford's last proposal, namely, that of refusing to fight in any circumstances for a capitalist Government. In its present form that proposal assumes the very point on which most of the British people still need to be convinced, namely, that a capitalist Government, at least in a great power, will not play the game with the collective system. That, too, is putting in the form of an alternative to Labour's policy a proposal that would have more chance of success if it were "presented" as an application to present conditions of Labour's declared policy of a "world-peace loyalty." The world-peace loyalty lays it down that Labour has broken once for all with the principle that it must unconditionally obey the Government on the issue of war, and will instead govern its attitude to a Government on that issue in the light of its own judgment as to the Government's loyalty to the collective system. Now the Labour Movement has for some time been stating emphatically that the Government is drifting rapidly toward a great war as a result of betraying the collective system and reverting to international anarchy. Surely the Party's own declared policy makes inevitable the political conclusion that we must warn the Government that a large part of the nation will not support it in war unless and until the Government gives guarantees, in acts and not mere assurances, that it will be loyal to the collective system. Such guarantees might take the form of, e.g. (*a*) The ratification of a treaty of arbitration, mutual assistance, and non-aggression, open to any European Member of the League which is not violating the Covenant, coming into force when ratified by Great Britain, the U.S.S.R., and at least six other States, and determining the armaments of the contracting powers; (*b*) The passing of a bill nationalising the arms, munitions, and aeroplane industries.

I am so convinced that a great powerful capitalist Government will not play the game with the collective system that I believe the National Government would break up rather than accept these conditions. But, at the same time, I believe it would be easy to make the millions of convinced supporters of the League of Nations in this country understand that these conditions are the essential minimum for an honest collective system policy, and that a Government refusing such conditions is not entitled to support in war. In this way we could, without going outside the four corners of Labour's declared policy, convert that policy into a means of putting really effective pressure on the Government and of educating public opinion as to what must be done if we are to have peace.

A SOCIALIST

SIR,—In the leading article in your issue of May 9th, the statement is made that public opinion in this country "does not (save for a small majority) believe in isolationism."

I wonder what are the grounds, if any, for this assertion?

If by "public opinion" is meant the opinion of that section of the public which has the time and the capacity to air its views in print, few would disagree with it. Without some such qualification, it reminds me of a remark I overheard recently at the Café Royal. The place was crowded to overflowing when two young Bloomsbury intellectuals arrived, and stood for several minutes in the doorway. "What a bore," one of them observed, at last, to his companion, "*there's nobody here!*"

How many isolationists there were, among the millions who declined to vote at the last election, no one can pretend to know. It can, however, be safely assumed that their numbers have increased as a result of recent disillusions. One of the oddest things about the situation is the variety of different routes by which totally dissimilar and incompatible groups of isolationists have reached their point of agreement. Some have got there by way of Christian pacifism, others—particularly disciples of the late E. D. Morel—by the pathway of political realism. Many more have been converted by Lord Beaverbrook's reiterated slogan: "Keep Out." A number of people, mostly of the educated middle-class, have remained faithful to the former Socialist leaders, George Lansbury and Lord Ponsonby. They are aware that these two experienced and sagacious men, whose knowledge of foreign affairs is not equalled by any other living English statesmen, have constantly been proved right when their political opponents, and even the intellectuals of their own party, were hopelessly wrong. This group found themselves practically disenfranchised as a result of the Brighton Conference last autumn. It seems clear that those of them who live in Peckham could not bring themselves to vote for Mr. Silkin.

A large number of men, who are not pacifists, and who take no interest in party politics, think this country ought to avoid all Continental entanglements because they do not believe that the present Government is capable of conducting any sort of campaign efficiently, whether on land, on sea, in the air, or at Geneva. With the "Dreadnought" mind still enthroned at the Admiralty, and the "Cavalry" mind still in control at the War Office, they see little prospect of another war proving a "good show" either for the British Empire or for British cannon fodder. Mr. Duff Cooper's recent attempt to whitewash Lord Haig of Passchendaele has confirmed them in this view.

Finally, there are the numerous members of the late Francis Birrell's "Yellow Shirt" brigade, the safety-firsters, the peace-at-any-price men, the honest-to-God blue funks. These are frankly scared at the thought of having to fight another "war to end war," with the same allies, the same enemy and the probability of a far more disastrous result. They advocate no commitments, no sanctions, good neighbourly relations with Germany, increased trade, a colonial settlement, tens of thousands of minatory, if not defensive, aeroplanes and fleets of light cruisers for protecting their food supply in case of trouble. They argue that if England refuses to be bamboozled once again into acting as universal paymaster, Continental bellicosity will be strangely damped down; that both Krupps and the Comité des Forges—both "Germany" and "France"—may suddenly become good Europeans, and that even the Chairman of Vickers will take an altered view of the value of human life. They sympathise with the Ethiopians, but maintain that a country which still tolerates the Means Test, and over twenty million of whose nationals are undernourished, is in no position to embark upon Crusades.

Perhaps Mr. Hore-Belisha would agree that there is often a connection between blue funk and road (or horse) sense.

48 Tregunter Road, S.W.10. DOUGLAS GOLDRING

SIR,—Mr. Brailsford in his letter "Towards a Re-Orientation" in your issue of May 9th, ends his interesting examination of the present position of the League of Nations with a plea for detachment in this country while we are living under a capitalist Government. His last sentence is "so as soon as we have a Socialist Government in power, let us endeavour, with the Soviet Union as our chief partner, to build a Federation of Socialist and like-minded States."

Is it good policy, however, to destroy the League in the meantime because we have not a Left Government in Britain? The machinery of the League is efficient and it has an expert Secretariat. It includes States Members with Left Governments—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Mexico, Russia, and now France.

I suggest it would be easier to transform and strengthen the present League system than to start all over again with a brand-new Federation. Of course, the best way to destroy all hope of collective security and disillusion every decent-minded person, would be to welcome Italy back to the Council of the League, sweetening her return with a loan.

STRABOLGI

House of Lords.

THE POPULAR FRONT

SIR,—May I express the hope that the suggestion of a Popular Front, made in your leading article of the 9th and encouraged by Mr. Cole's article of the same date, will not be permitted to lapse without adequate discussion.

I do not wish to prejudge the issue whether a purely Labour attack, with a more apt and imaginative propaganda, upon what is called (in my opinion, mistakenly) "the middle-class vote," may not be a better route. It may well be that this is so. Certainly any other course must prove its case. There is everything to be said for enlarging the Labour Party by the convinced Socialist vote, if it can be got, of the technician, the man who owns a house and half an acre, the bank clerk and office worker, the shopkeeper, the young people who have been brought up in Free Church households—and, let me add, of the unemployed (which is not all ours yet).

But advocates of a Popular Front (or Peace Front, as I have

termed it elsewhere) may at least urge that, while consolidating the progressive forces in this country which obstinately adheres to a Two Party system, it combines satisfaction for the demand for a united workers' movement with the prospect of such an enlargement of voting support as may make feasible the acquisition of power and prevent the rot setting in of Liberal-Unionism. It may even contribute a temporary bridge over which battalions, at present detached, may join forces with, and accept the discipline of, the Labour Party.

G. E. G. CATLIN

19 Glebe Place, Chelsea, S.W.3.

SIR,—In your last issue Mr. Cole, rightly concluding that "what the Labour cause needs most of all to-day is a strengthening of personnel," would seek a remedy in "a more openly, friendly and collaborative attitude towards individuals at present outside the Labour ranks." Why only "outside" the Labour ranks? The most obvious deficiency of the Party is its failure to use the services of those within it, who differ from the rigid orthodoxy of Transport House. There is little collaboration there, at any rate, on the part of the National Executive. That Executive is, in practice, elected by the block votes of the largest Trade Unions, exercised through General Secretaries, who neither go on to the Executive themselves nor stand for Parliament; the policy of the Party is similarly determined at Annual Conferences. So long as the Party is so constituted and so administered, it is not even using the personnel within its own ranks; still less will it secure collaboration from individuals outside it, who, if they wish (in Mr. Cole's words) to promote "public welfare under a democratic political system," will ask, in the first place, for a more effective democracy within the Labour Party itself.

ONE OF THE HERETICS

SIR,—Many of your readers will welcome your reference this week to the desirability of a Popular Front in this country to co-operate with the Popular Front in France.

On another page Mr. G. D. H. Cole, in dismissing the idea of such a front in the form of a Liberal-Labour alliance, seems to ignore entirely the existence of any other parties of the Left in this country.

It is surely no secret that a large part of the driving force of the Popular Front in France and Spain has come from the Communist party, and the results of the recent French elections go far to dispose of the theory that collaboration with Communists leads to the loss of votes on the Right wing. Such votes, at least, as the Radical-Socialists may have lost have evidently been far more than compensated by the increase in genuine working-class votes.

Mr. Cole may be right in believing that the Labour Party, acting alone, can in time win a Parliamentary majority; but the immediate task of preventing war and the spread of Fascism and militarism is too urgent to wait even for the next election—and for this task two things above all are necessary: organisation of extra-parliamentary pressure of all kinds on the Government, and the closest co-operation with anti-imperialist forces in foreign countries. It is in these forms of action above all that the Labour Party, with its concentration on Parliament, has shown itself weak, and that the Communist Party has shown itself most consistently strong.

Communism is certainly not a negligible force in this country, as many would have us believe. Our electoral system is peculiarly obstructive to the growth of small parties in Parliament; under proportional representation there would undoubtedly be an appreciable Communist group in the House of Commons. The Communists are strong in South Wales and in Scotland, and are gaining adherents steadily among the younger generation both of workers and of "intellectuals." The irritation of great numbers of Labour supporters at the attitude of their leaders to Communism becomes more obvious every day. Although it is not difficult to understand the opposition of some Labour leaders to Communism, Socialists are concerned not with the personal feelings of a few leaders, but with the progress of Socialism. For this progress, the unity of working-class political organisations is a prime necessity, and there can be no question of ignoring the party which, after all, has carried through the only successful Socialist revolution so far accomplished.

I venture to hope that you will make it clear that when you speak of a Popular Front you do not contemplate the possibility of its formation in this country, any more than in France or Spain, without Communist support.

I am neither a Communist nor a member of the Labour Party. Circumstances prevent me from being an active member of any political organisation, and as my name would add nothing to the weight of my remarks, I ask your permission to sign myself.

C. H.

TAXATION AND THE NATIONAL TRUST

SIR,—The National Trust for places of historic interest or natural beauty has hitherto been welcomed and supported by all classes. The Trust has now entered upon a policy which clearly favours the very rich at the expense of the rest of the community.

Under the plea that country houses of historic or architectural interest are in danger of perishing or passing into other hands they are proposing that, in return for definite rights of access to the public on payment of a small fee on certain days in the year, the Government should relieve the owners of taxation by death duties. In other words, since the total taxation of the country will remain, the share at present carried by these very rich people will be transferred to the backs of the middle and working classes.

Is it not the duty of wealthy house-owners either to keep up their property as we all have to do who are house-owners, or to part with it? Why should the rest of us pay their taxes? The *quid pro quo* offered, an occasional visit to the house (for which a fee is to be charged, which is likely also to go into the pockets of the owner), is a very illusory benefit.

It is surprising that the Trust should have the temerity to advance such a proposal. These great country houses can very well be made use of by the nation, if the owners cannot keep them up.

E. N. MOZLEY (Lieut.-Colonel)

SATELLITE TOWNS

SIR,—Will you permit me to say in reply to your comment on my letter printed in your issue of the 2nd inst., that the need for "dealing with the urgent task of clearing the slums" is the excuse that has been given year by year since 1919 for not tackling the problem by building satellite towns? It was first given by Dr. Addison when Minister of Health, and it has been the favourite excuse of the L.C.C. The main element in my own and others' opposition to building on Hackney Marshes is that the proposal is the outcome of the Council's refusal to do more than consider piecemeal and improvised schemes. So long ago as 1920, Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Unhealthy Areas Committee declared that the satellite town was the only satisfactory solution of the housing problem. To say that the L.C.C. "is not in a position at present to build 'half a dozen satellite towns'" is to fail to recognise the extent of the vast housing problem of London. To take one aspect of it only, that of overcrowding, the recent survey under the Housing Act 1935 shows that 357,989 persons, or 9.1 per cent. of the total population of London, are living under overcrowded conditions, showing a need for at least 80,000 new dwellings. Six satellite towns with populations of 50,000 each would accommodate 300,000 people of all classes; taking 80 per cent. to be working class, the total number of houses in the six towns to be provided by the L.C.C. would be 54,000. I need not go into more detail; but it is obvious that the L.C.C. could easily start on the building of six satellite towns at once if it wished to do so.

C. B. PURDOM

36 Parkway,
Welwyn Garden City, Hertfordshire.

Miscellany

PIGS AND BATTLESHIPS

A FEW weeks ago Mr. T. H. Harrisson, speaking over the air, told of an island in the South Seas, Malekula, inhabited by a primitive people known as Big Nambas, among whom wealth and power and glory, as well as hopes of salvation, are reckoned in pigs. Yes; pigs. The pigs are queer beasts, he says, very long in the head and snout. They are of no earthly use in themselves. No one eats pig-meat, or uses pig-skin, or pig-bone. As pigs they are a nuisance; but as symbols, or tokens, or emblems their virtue is beyond measure. They are paraded ceremonially, on all solemn occasions, to enhance the might and glory of the owner, to impress his friends, to

overawe his enemies. The ownership of pigs—homing pigs, roaming pigs—is the basis of all power and dignity. Without pigs man is nothing. With pigs, quite useless and very expensive pigs, he is everything. Such are the Big Nambas on the island of Malekula.

It all sounds queerly familiar. You say to yourself "Somehow I know all this. I've met it before. But not on Malekula. Didn't know there was such a place. And not Big Nambas. Never heard of them. And it wasn't pigs. I'm sure it wasn't pigs. What was it?"

Battleships, friend, battleships. To the Big Namba of Malekula his pigs; to the Little Namba of Europe and elsewhere his battleships.

"Expensive symbols of prestige and power." Seven million pounds. Quite a lot one could do with seven million pounds. What a dream of a township, a jewel on the hillside somewhere, one could build for the price of a battleship. Five thousand, ten thousand, homes; each built and fitted and furnished like the good housewife's dream of what she would do if her man were to win a packet in the Pools. A township with all the appurtenances of paradise. But what is a township? A mere living-place and working-place and thriving-place for men and women and children: no more than that. Let any Chancellor try to send round the hat for a new township. Should we not shrug our shoulders, button our pockets, and order him off? But he comes to us for a battleship, two battleships, chromium-plated throughout, jewelled in every hole, and mounted beyond belief with things that go off. We may sigh, but we respond: for the battleship has that little bit of something that the township hasn't got.

Glamour. There is glamour about mighty engines of death. Make no mistake. Ten thousand of us would go on an excursion to see the new battleship ride the high seas for every ten of us who would go to see the township shine like a jewel on the hillside. And hardly one of us but would be less thrilled at meeting Mr. Potts, governor of the township, than at meeting Admiral Panns, commander of the battleship. Perhaps if we could arrange for Mr. Potts to wear the cocked-hat, and Admiral Panns the billycock. . . . But what nonsense; to say nothing of sacrilege. A billycock on a battleship!

To the Big Namba his pigs; to the Little Namba his battleship. Could we Little Nambas but rise to the imaginative level of the Big Nambas. For Mr. Harrisson has more to say of these wonderful people. When a man, by industry, or cunning, or craft, or care, has become the owner of a plethora of pigs, there comes a great day when he gathers them all together, knocks them on the head, throws the carcases aside; *and none the less goes on being credited by his neighbours and his gods with the might and the glory of the pigs he no longer has the trouble and expense of keeping.*

We cannot yet rise to such heights. Perhaps in centuries to come, by slow progression, we may come to be able to knock *our* symbols on the head, be rid of them, and still have the glamour, the grace, and the glory. But not yet. We, in our littleness, must ever have our symbols actual. They must ride the waves before our eyes; they must make bangs our ears can hear. And we must be sure they are in no danger of destruction. No wonder we, the peoples of the great naval powers, are gravely uneasy. We sense peril to our symbols. Lords of Admiralties tell us all is well. They tell us they can protect our symbols. We are not reassured. We know how year by year those who offer these assurances allow our symbols to run the most frightful risks. Whatever they may say we know how they allow battleships costing seven million pounds apiece, packed as full of delicate machinery as a wrist-watch, manned by hundreds of the finest flower of our race, to carry explosives. No wonder we are perturbed. A slip, a smash, and a whole beautiful battleship—ours or someone else's, what matter—one of these majestic symbols of armed might would be blown to smithereens. Could not the Great Powers, who have so much trouble to agree on anything, at least agree on this: that nothing whatsoever should be allowed on any battleship, of whatsoever nationality, that will blow up or go off? If not, let Britain lead the way. Let us make *our* battleships safe for symbolocracy. For, as everyone knows, it is on *our* battleships that the peace of the world depends.

I offer a plan. It is costly, but what of that? As our statesmen so rightly say, in all matters concerning armaments: "It would make work." A vast excavated lake under the Pennine Range. From the seaboard to the lake a canal along which, on the slightest breath of danger, our battleships could pass to shelter. Let it be done thoroughly. Spare no expense. Salt water would give a tang to the air; violet-ray lamps would give the right bronze to the skin; wild seascapes could be painted on the walls. There our battleships could lie in safety; there we could go and make our adorings. They could be brought out from time to time, whenever the world situation was tranquil, and sailed past Margate and Southend for us to see. But take away all inflammable matter. The more so now; for if in the underground lake an explosion were to occur we should lose not only our battleships, but the Pennine Range; and then the division between Lancashire and Yorkshire would be gone. There may be better plans. I myself have others. One for hiding each real battleship among twelve dummy ones consisting of nothing but steel hull and engines; the rest lath and plaster: to minimise risk to the real ones of injury by devilish contrivances. Let all plans be examined. Come what may, we *must* protect our battleships. It is true that the expenditure on ensuring their immunity from accidental or wilful damage is already enormous. Some say a million pounds per battleship per annum. But what of that? We *must* protect our battleships. No cost can be too heavy; no sacrifices can be too great.

JOHN HILTON

DR. A. J. M. MELLY

(Killed at Addis Ababa, 1936.)

WE are ashamed for Europe. You only escape.
Because of you we may yet perhaps be forgiven
By those with cause to hate Europe.
The soldier, the destroyer, has power now;
Europe raves hideously through his distorted mouth.
The doctor, the healer, is murdered;
Our Europe of kindness and decency is murdered with him.
We are ashamed.

We bring you shamefacedly laurels, not Caesar's,
But from a Liverpool shrubbery where a boy, loving adventure,
Perhaps once played.
We bring you beech-boughs from Savernake Forest,
From calm South England of park and mansion,
Of youth and maid.
We bring you rosemary from an Oxford College,
Growing at leisure through the tempered sunlight,
The gentle shade.
We bring you poppies from an older battle-field,
Our brothers believing they died for justice
And a world new made.
We bring rue and hyssop and heel-smirched cowslips and the sour grapes which will yet set our children's teeth on edge.

All that is over: Oxford and Savernake and the rest,
The wards at Bart's, the white Michigan winters,
The Mersey busy with shipping: gone west, gone west.
All we were proud of crashes and flares and splinters,
The child is gassed in the cot, the bird in the nest.

Interests will be satisfied. Shareholders needn't worry.
England controls Lake Tana, and France controls
Her strategic railway; and there is no great hurry.
It will all come right in the morning over coffee and rolls
Between Rome and Geneva and Paris and some great house in Surrey.

We are not proud of it. We are deep ashamed.
Injustice has won again. Set against this
Abyssinia not hating us when you and your friends are named,
Europe a little redeemed: her poison kiss
Partly erased from the bodies her touching maimed.

Against our shame, your death.

NAOMI MITCHISON

AT COVENT GARDEN

UP to the time of writing we have heard at Covent Garden this season a good deal of Wagner, two Verdi operas, *Rigoletto* and *Aïda*, and Puccini's *Tosca*. The general standard of performance and production has shown a considerable improvement on that of previous years, more particularly in the Italian operas where there was a good deal more room for improvement than in the case of the German operas. What defects there have been in recent years in the German productions have been due chiefly to the deficiencies of the Covent Garden stage-equipment, lighting and stage-management. During the past two years a good deal of money has been spent in modernising the stage machinery and in installing a cyclorama and new lighting accessories. Also the new scenery by Volkoff is on the whole an improvement on what was used before, but it is the addition of a cyclorama which is responsible for most of the better effects now obtainable, especially in the "Ring."

The fact that Covent Garden has been filled almost to overflowing in every part of the house for almost all performances up to date is a very good sign. Full houses are generally expected for the two cycles of the "Ring" because in these productions there is a ready-made public and this public knows exactly what to expect. The standard achieved by the German artistes who are regularly performing the "Ring" in Vienna, Munich, Berlin, etc.—and also for the last seven years at Covent Garden—has reached so high a level and is so reliable in ensemble that it is unlikely that these performances will ever be surpassed in our lifetime. How standardised this high level has become may be observed from the fact that it was possible—failing the appearance of Furtwängler and Knappertsbusch from Berlin and Munich respectively owing to political reasons—to obtain a German conductor, Fritz Reiner, from America, to conduct *Parsifal* and the performance of this opera was on as high a level as one could possibly have expected. Also, the few newcomers in the Wagnerian casts such as Tina Lemnitz as Eva, Ludwig Weber as Fasolt, Gurnemanz and Veit Pogner, Torsten Ralf as Parsifal and Walther von Stolzing, the Swedish singer Kerstin Thoborg as Fricka, all fitted in perfectly with such old favourites as Rudolf Bockelmann, Frida Leider, Edward Habich, Lauritz Melchior, etc. I have never heard a finer Gurnemanz than Ludwig Weber's, and Kerstin Thoborg's Fricka was a most impressive performance, while the tenor, Torsten Ralf, was an improvement on most German tenors we have heard in the part of Walther in recent years. The most ardent Wagnerites have little, if anything, to complain about this season, and Sir Thomas Beecham has done his part well in preventing the extremely slow pulse of Wagner's music degenerating into lifelessness.

The first performance of *Rigoletto* on the second night of the season was not as good as the second, which is understandable; but, apart from a certain over-calculated rigidity on the part of Vincenzo Bellezza's handling of the score, this *Rigoletto* is a good production and, I am very glad to say, has also been drawing crowded audiences. The tenor, Lauri-Volpi, has an unusually good voice and at moments can sing quite beautifully; in my opinion he is one of the best Italian singers we have heard at Covent Garden for a long time, but he has some of the defects typical of the modern school of Italian singers in that his intonation is not always accurate—though it is far more accurate in general than most—and that he occasionally tends to scoop "expressively" instead of giving a clean articulation. Nevertheless, in the ensemble singing, especially in his duets with Margherita Perras as Gilda and with Elizabeth Rethberg as Aïda, he can give such a fine display of real *bel canto* singing that one wishes he would go further and add the final touches of delicacy and subtlety which at present are wanting to his art. The Gilda of Margherita Perras, who comes from the Berlin State Opera, has many merits; her voice is occasionally gritty and not of outstanding quality, but she is an accomplished and reliable singer and was not found wanting in the touching death scene in *Rigoletto* which is musically one of the finest things in the history of opera and surpasses in spontaneity and beauty—in my opinion—even the famous final scene of *Aïda*. A fine cast was assembled for *Aïda*, but the first performance lacked the thrilling quality which one feels this opera ought to have. I am not certain whether this was altogether due to a want of elasticity and vitality on the part of the conductor. There is no doubt that although Signor Bellezza is a very able and experienced opera conductor there is overmuch fixed calculation of too rigid a character in his handling of Verdi's music which demands more suppleness and as much sensitiveness as possible. On the other hand, in spite of its superb effects and the constant flow of remarkable invention, especially in the last two acts of *Aïda*, the Nile scene and the Temple scene, I have a suspicion that the music of *Aïda* has not got quite the spontaneity and freshness of *Rigoletto* or *Traviata*. Nevertheless, *Aïda* was a most enjoyable production. Elizabeth Rethberg is a most accomplished and refined singer and Lauri-Volpi was a worthy partner. John Brownlee was an excellent Amonasrl and a special word of praise must be given to the fine performance of another Scandinavian newcomer to Covent Garden, Gertrud Wettergren, whose performance as the Egyptian princess Amneris was quite outstanding; so much so that for once her great scene in the fourth act made its full effect.

To hear *Tosca* afresh after some years is a strange experience. The musical gifts of Puccini were enormous and I don't know of a single modern operatic composer who is his rival in this respect. *Tosca* is one of the best examples of his art, though if he had lived to finish *Turandot* no doubt that would have been considered his finest achievement. What is particularly striking in *Tosca* is its remarkable musical form. The layman does not realise that this is the great problem for the composer of opera. In a letter dated August 12th, 1856, Berlioz wrote to Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, *apropos* of his opera *Les Troyens*:

> On my return to Paris I will try to free myself from all other occupations, and begin my musical task. It will be severe . . . What is immensely difficult in it is to find the musical *form*, that form without which music does not exist, or is no more than the humiliated slave of the word. This is the crime of Wagner; he wishes to dethrone it, to reduce it to *expressive accents*, exaggerating the system of Gluck (who very happily has not succeeded himself in following this impious theory). . . . I am for music which you yourself have called *free*. . . . To find the means to be expressive, true, without ceasing to be a musician, and to give in fact new means of action to the music, that is the problem. . . .

It should be very instructive to any gifted young composer to study the first act of *Tosca* and to perceive how Puccini has succeeded in welding together musically the scattered bits of the almost incoherent libretto of the first act which is made up of scarcely related fragments necessary to the exposition of the plot. I think Puccini's treatment of the first scene between Cavaradossi and Floria Tosca is a masterpiece. Their first duet is so unconventional, so free and inventive in form and so musically subtle and expressive that it makes the later scene between them sound like the cinema Puccini into which this gifted composer occasionally sank. At his worst Puccini is a mere ideal purveyor of cinema clap-trap—sob-stuff, melodrama, "passion" and "thrills"; but at his best he is a remarkable musician, sensitive, truly inventive and a master of his craft. Nevertheless, the music of *Tosca*, like that of the best of Puccini's other operas, is on a lower plane than that of Verdi's. Puccini, reveals that decadence of style and that lack of direct creative power which finds com-

pensation for its impotence in sensation. In conclusion, a word of praise must be given to the fine performance of Gina Cigna as Floria Tosca, a part which suits this well-known Italian dramatic soprano to perfection. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Bees on the Boat Deck," at the Lyric

The first half of Mr. Priestley's new play is unsatisfactory but well worth seeing. It sways disconcertingly between allegory and realism, and consequently the spectator has to focus on the dialogue at two ranges. But his attention is held by the pungency of the remarks, and his sympathy excited by the generous and very sincere passion which inspires the playwright. The rusting ship grounded in an estuary makes an effective symbol of England; the bland capitalist, the bigoted Communist, the cynical Fascist, the amiable, unconsciously anti-social, scientist are well contrasted with the middle-class technician who takes a proper pride in his job.

In its second half the play collapses. The author seems to recognise that he has not quite succeeded, throws his ambition to the wind, and humbly declines into farce. And we are left with the uninspiring moral that we should stop reading Schopenhauer and take up Carlyle. Mr. Priestley's great talent as a dramatist is for writing fat character parts. He has an uncanny knowledge of how every sort of person talks. The actors, therefore, are on jam, and Mr. Laurence Olivier, Mr. Richard Goolden, Mr. Alan Jeayes, Mr. S. J. Warmington, Mr. John Laurie, Mr. Raymond Huntley and Miss Kay Hammond are all excellent. Mr. Ralph Richardson was less happy than usual. One leaves the theatre finally disappointed, for at one moment Mr. Priestley seemed to be giving us the commentary which our discontents so urgently demand.

"Stay Down Miner," at the Westminster

This play should have been as theatrically effective as its subject was humanly important. A miners' strike—especially a stay-down strike—offers obvious dramatic opportunities. Paul Muni has made the melodramatic best of them in his film *Black Fury*. Galsworthy's *Strife* is the most nearly successful of his plays of conflicting moralities. Perhaps it is the readymadeness of the material which makes such plays ineffective. The cruelty of the owners, the difficulties of the unwilling blackleg, the suffering of the women, the suspense of waiting for the result of the struggle—these things dramatise themselves almost too easily. Mr. Montagu Slater alternately bludgeons the feelings of his audience and soothes them with humour. The individual characterisation was convincing, but the play seemed to call for expressionist treatment. The production hovered between picture-stage realism and the devices of the "advanced" theatre. Masks, verse-choruses, and speeches from the stalls have their uses, but should not be indiscriminately sprinkled in an otherwise realistic play. Their introduction increased the unevenness which was the play's chief fault. Arthur Goullet was excellent as the crusty bachelor miner whom everyone snubbed. Wilfrid Walter lent unction and a considerable stage-presence to the part of Howel the miners' leader and lay preacher. Margaret Yarde was most impressive as Howel's sister. It was, however, Eadie Palfey's triumph. He played three parts brilliantly. As Joker Jones, Blackleg, he was contemptible and amiable, as the Colliery Manager he waved a worried moustache to great effect, and as the Magistrate he was beautifully moral. Jean Shepheard gave a moving performance as the wife of Jones. If the Left Theatre can continue to produce plays as interesting and as well acted as this its future should be assured.

"Secret Agent" at the Tivoli

Quite an exciting film about spies. Yes, it ought to be; it is made by Mr. Hitchcock, acted by Mr. John Gielgud, and derived from a book by Mr. Somerset Maugham. It is quite as good as the average American film. Yes, but why is it not as good as the best American films? To begin with, Mr. Maugham's *Ashenden* has been "improved" almost out of recognition. Instead of a coldly realistic picture of war-time espionage we have the usual lovely girl-spy with whom, of course, Ashenden falls in love. Perhaps the public wants this, but in that case why bother with Mr. Maugham? Moreover, one is continually exasperated by quite unnecessary trifles. The spies behave with ostentatious indiscretion—discussing, for instance, the murder they have committed in a restaurant where anyone can hear them. Even the stupidest film-goer cannot require this. Yet Mr. Hitchcock directs many of the individual scenes most brilliantly. Perhaps he is so preoccupied with purely "cinema" effects that he can't be bothered with little matters like making the story reasonably credible? The dialogue is lame, the jokes pitiful. Mr. Gielgud does well, in spite of this, and the acting throughout is extremely competent, though Mr. Peter Lorre overdoes it, and Miss Madeline Carroll does not manage to make her part interesting. A lot of trouble has been taken with this film—it needed also a little thought. For the same producer, the same actors, with a good script and someone to keep an eye on details, could have produced a first-class entertainment.

"Wife versus Secretary" at the Empire

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company have themselves given this film three stars, and, like Baedeker, have more or less left it at that, evidently considering that Myrna Loy as the Wife, Jean Harlow as the Secretary, and Clark Gable to provide the antagonism, are cogent enough reasons for you to pay your money. Empire fans as well as star-addicts will have done so, because we are all so much at home at the Empire, where we hiss Mussolini to our heart's content before the reverent hush that falls, like a Sunday, for Sandy Macpherson's mawkish organ. *Wife versus Secretary* is an enjoyable film while its protagonists are being flippant and affectionate—marital bliss is expressed by persiflage and as many embraces as in the pre-purity era—but when the fight is on and emotions tend to become serious, it degenerates into a mumble and loses not only wit and good sense, as usual, but interest also. The glitter has gone now from Miss Harlow's hair and her acting; perhaps in another film it could be retrieved, but in this instance the other two stars outshone her as much as they outshone the lines, if not the situation, they were given.

Berthe Morisot at Knoedler's

This exhibition is calculated to emphasise the limitations of Berthe Morisot's talent. Few, if any, of the paintings represent her at her delicious best, and the large number here collected make a monotonous appearance. Moreover, the gorgeousness of the real flowers placed about the gallery distract the spectator's eye. Berthe Morisot was probably unfortunate in being a pupil of Manet: the broad, not to say coarse, brush-strokes which she learnt from him were ill-suited to express a vision which was in the best sense feminine. In her water-colours, where she does not labour under this disadvantage, she shows her talent at its happiest, in so far as this exhibition is concerned.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, May 15th—
Ballets de Monte Carlo, Alhambra.

SATURDAY, May 16th—
Performance of "King Henry V" by West Hoathly Players, Lower Barn, West Hoathly, near East Grinstead, 3.

SUNDAY, May 17th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Man the Unknown," Conway Hall, 11.
Mobilise for Peace and Freedom. Demonstration in Trafalgar Square, 3.30. Sylvia Pankhurst and others.
Mass meeting to celebrate the second anniversary of the Jewish Autonomous Territory of Biro Bidjan, U.S.S.R. Speeches by D. N. Pritt, Dr. Edith Summerskill and others, Shoreditch Town Hall. 7.30.

MONDAY, May 18th—
T. Bedford on "Modern Principles of Ventilation and Heating," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 5.30.
Films illustrating the Documentary, News-reel and Coming of Sound films. Everyman Cinema Theatre, Hampstead.
"All's Well That Ends Well," Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich.

TUESDAY, May 19th—
Hampstead Peace Week. Mass Meeting at Town Hall, 8.15. Speeches by Miss Helen Simpson, Prof. H. Levy and others.
Prof. Morris Ginsberg on "The Sociology of Pareto," Le Play House, 35, Gordon Square, 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, May 20th—
Seeing London Tour in Aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund, (a) Royal Mint, (b) Bonded Vaults, (c) Execution Ground, 10 a.m. Tickets (7s. 6d.) obtainable from the Secretary.
Chelsea Flower Show.
Prof. Lancelot Hogben on "The Retreat from Reason," Conway Hall, 7.
Debate: That the Raising of the School Leaving Age is Undesirable." Proposer: Dr. Lewin. Opposer: Miss Nancy Lightman, 25, Wimpole Street, 8.
"The Seagull," New Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE undertaker came to my house the other day to measure the wall against which he is putting up a bookcase made of coffin boards; viz., inch boards of English oak. Foreign oak is used for most purposes now as it is free from knots, but when we die we are wrapped in hearts of English oak. It is cheaper. And for that reason my bookcase is being made of it. My visitor's talk was of his trade; somewhat grisly but unconscious of offence and rather Wordsworthian in manner. He had thought much of death, had been forced to think of it, not because of a morbid mind, or a philosophic bent, but as it affected him. Undertakers have something to complain of: they have to take us as they find us, and we come to them when we are not looking our best. Better, for the undertaker, he thought, "if people were given tablets" to help them out of the world. Thus he ruminated with his foot rule and his pencil, making marks where the coffin boards will go and, looking at his grizzled hair, I ruminated on whether he would live to measure me. Then, feeling that he had talked enough of his own trade, he courteously referred to mine, and spoke of books. He had a very old book of his own which he would lend me, which told one about the past. It turned out to be a gazetteer of the county, dated 1854, and I have been fascinated to look at the names of the people then living in the village. With one exception the landowners and bigger farmers have changed, but there is greater stability among the poorer persons. The baker, the butcher and the carpenter have the same names and work in the same buildings as those of eighty years ago. They have followed the trades of their fathers and their grandfathers. Agricultural labourers are not listed in the gazetteer, but probably most of the families here now were here in Cromwell's time. There are a number of charities listed, charges on the rents of fields, distributed in bread. But though these details about my neighbours interest me most, the gazetteer has attractions of its own; here is the description of Lady Olivia Sparrow's seat:

> The house is a stately yet light and picturesque edifice, of elegant but contrasted styles. The square embattled towers, serving as wings to the garden portion, are of the most ancient styles; between which is a lower embattled portion, and in front of this subordinate part projects a semi-circular conservatory, of second-storey high, embattled and pierced all round with plain pointed windows, divided by narrow portions of masonry, and the whole surmounted by a glass dome. . . . At this mansion Mrs. Hannah More was a frequent visitor, and her portrait, painted by Opie, now graces the drawing room.

The mansion, which "is altogether suitable for a lady occupying so high a position in society," inspired Hannah More to a poem on friendship:

> Examine life with all its toys
> Its nominal, its real joys;
> Exhaust enquiry, still you'll find
> Friendship's the med'cine of the mind;

At the end of thirty lines we learn that "this balm of life, this vivefying spark" can be best enjoyed at B——n Park. I omit the name lest its owner should be embarrassed by crowds of readers rushing to view the embattled conservatory.

* * *

But the great attraction of the gazetteer is simply the fascination of names as such. For some obscure reason, names are extraordinarily important to most of us. I have the strongest, most unreasonable feelings about them and, for sentimental reasons, should approve of a law which forbade them to be changed. The gazetteer is full of names like Osborne Allpress, Grenado Pygot, Thomas Dust, Joshua Negus, and John Mehew, and I cannot tell why they are so charged with emotional significance or why they appeal to one in the way they do. But it would be shocking to think of a man taking the name of Allpress or Dust, if it did not belong to him. I suppose I feel that nobody could become the things that Allpress and Dust stand for; Allpress was a brewer and Dust a marine store dealer, though why a marine store should be needed in the heart of the Midlands is in itself a mystery, unless it was for fitting out the barges on the Ouse. For place-names, which are more important than personal names, one can make an attempt to find rational explanations. They are important because they contain the history of the place, or describe it, and it is fascinating to look them up in *The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Place-names*, by Eilert Ekwall (Oxford, 15s.). It is a very good book; the author's familiarity with Scandinavian must have been of the greatest assistance to him. Names are full of pitfalls for the unwary. Thus the old name for *Royston* was *Croyroys*, which at once suggests the Royston Crow, or Hoodie Crow, a bird which one still sees occasionally in the district. But Croyroys came from Crux Roheis, or Roese's Cross. However, since the crows were there, people may have associated crows with the name of the place and thus I guess the hoodie got its name. We associate the idea of crows with Crowland and almost expect to see them when we visit the abbey. But the name comes from an otherwise unknown word *cruw*, which is presumed to mean a bend and to refer to a bend in the river Welland. The bend is not now very marked, but it may have been more so once; a tiresome derivation. *Crowhurst* in Surrey means what it says: crow wood, but *Crowhurst* in Sussex comes from O.E. *croh* a corner, and hurst may either be a hill or a wood. *Croydon* in Surrey means a valley where wild saffron grew; *Croydon* in Cambridgeshire, near Croyroys, or Royston, means as one might guess, a hill frequented by crows. The saffron has gone, the crows fortunately remain.

* * *

The difficulties are continual. Thus it is often puzzling to distinguish the familiar O.E. *ham*, a village, estate, manor or homestead, which is one of the most common elements in names like *Westerham* and *Uppingham* and which is never used alone, from Ham(m) a flat, low-lying meadow on a stream. Mr. Ekwall tells us that most of these *hams* are on low ground. I suppose Ham Hill in Dorset has a ham at the bottom. *Spray*, as in Hamspray, means brushwood.

It has been suggested that *Ing* is identical with the Greek *enkhos*, lance. If that is right an O.E. *ing* might have existed with the sense a peak, hill. Such a sense would be very suitable for Inkpen, and the lost Ingham (a place now lost in the Chilterns) as well as for Ingleborough Hill. *Ingon* is on the slope of a hill and could not perhaps be called a peak.

Mr. Ekwall plays the game very fairly. If he forgets the Royston Crow, he remembers Inglewood near Inkpen Beacon and points out that these ings must be the same. An *Inglewood* in Cumberland simply means "wood of the English," and records an English settlement in Welsh territory. Most *Ings* derive from the O.E. dative plural *ingas*. Such are Epping, Dorking, Poynings, etc., and they mean the inhabitants of the places; either the sons, or dependants of so and so, or if added to a place name, as in *Avening*, dwellers by the Avon. There is also an O.E. *Gigingas* which may mean Giga's people. This supplies the *Ing* in Ingatestone. Facts like that make one chary of putting forward any easy explanations. But if I were to risk one, it would be that Inkpen Beacon has nothing to do with the British *pen*, a hill, but is called after Inkpen village at the foot of the hill and means the English sheep-pen. Good news for the inhabitants of *Miserden* is that they were not originally misers but dreamers, *musards*, or musers. Bad news for persons called Cowlishaw is that the word means a wood grimy with coal dust. Molash means an "action at law"—and is perhaps the nastiest address one could have. He gives no explanation of *Helion* and *Salome*, which are interesting place-names, nor of *Fawether*, which I have seen interpreted both as foul weather and as fair. Words are magic, names more magic than other words.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

To the Mountain. By BRADFORD SMITH. With an Introduction by WILLIAM PLOMER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

You Must Break Out Sometimes. By T. O. BEACHCROFT. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.

Miss Linsey and Pa. By STELLA GIBBONS. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Kneel to the Rising Sun. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. *Secker.* 7s. 6d.

Tare Harvest. By ELEANOR PETERS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

"Japanese very pessimistic race, Sir!" repeated student after student when, during the course of a protracted *viva voce* examination, I asked my victims to explain the almost universal and, at times, almost idolatrous respect professed by Japanese intellectuals for the work of Thomas Hardy. Conditions may have changed since I left Japan; but at that period the yearly total of suicides equalled—and, perhaps, surpassed—the records set up in post-War Germany and pre-War Russia. Suicide among the Japanese is a national habit. Does an obscure naval officer disapprove of what he considers the weakness of the government's policy in questions of disarmament, he expresses his disapprobation by ripping out his bowels with a short two-edged sword. Angry patriots immolate themselves on a statesman's doorstep. The student who has failed to pass his final examinations chooses the simplest and most dramatic method of quitting an unsympathetic world. Ill-starred lovers travel by train, tram or bus to some famous beauty-spot; and while their cheerful compatriots are busy picnicking, taking photographs, buying souvenirs, catching goldfish or scattering waste paper, jump head-first to annihilation in volcano or waterfall. Celebrated waterfalls exercise a particularly hypnotic influence upon young men and women whose love-affairs have gone awry; and, at some of the most beautiful and popular, little notices, planted near the brink of the fall, implore couples romantically and suicidally inclined to reflect before they leap. Yet the smoking thread of water, as it plunges down the cliff-face to join the huge canopy of spray that drifts perpetually above the boiling, thundering pool amid the rocks, attracts a fresh tribute of defeated lovers every year. And the rock-climbing European tourist is surprised to discover two pairs of shoes, a man's and a woman's, lying neatly discarded, side by side, on some lofty spray-drenched crag.

In his interesting novel, *To the Mountain*, Mr. Bradford Smith deals with the kind of situation by which this *dénouement* is often prefaced. Passion may be strong; but the claims of the family are even more powerful; and between passion and his duty to the family many a young Japanese has been squeezed out of life. Such is the predicament of Shigeo, a sensitive and gentle young man, the son of a rich merchant who is anxious that Shigeo should follow him in the flourishing oil-business through which he has made his fortune. But Shigeo falls in love with a girl of the Yoshiwara. Though the Yoshiwara occupies a large and, apparently, a highly prosperous district—a self-contained settlement, with broad, lighted streets, restaurants, shooting-galleries and cafés—the brothel-quarter is a part of Tokyo to which Europeanised Japanese are careful not to refer. Yet, from the European point of view, it is not so much the existence of the Yoshiwara (which, indeed, has many advantages over the strolling miscellaneous prostitution of our own streets) as the conditions of work there that deserve blame. Although girls are not technically *sold* to the brothels, they are, in fact, pledged by their needy parents—starving farmers or miserable artisans—for a sum of money that will never be redeemed; and the police, who keep constant watch over the Yoshiwara's gateways, are said to be hand-in-glove with the rich brothel-proprietors and to do their best to thwart all attempts at escape. Mr. Bradford Smith gives a brilliant and accurate description of the interior of one of the better-class Tokyo brothels—the good taste that distinguishes its furnishings, the spotless mats and woodwork, the pleasantly patterned cushions, the single scroll-painting that hangs on the wall in the ceremonial alcove. He describes, too, the prostitutes themselves—their vast helmet-like structures of glistening blue-black hair, their faces and necks harshly whitened with a thick coating of *o shiroi*, their lips marked with a single dab of rouge. From these surroundings, where she had been the mistress of Shigeo's father, Kimi is rescued by a quixotic little Japanese Christian, Major Honjo, and transported to the odd ramshackle refuge that he has provided for his proselytes in the country. She meets Shigeo; and the vehemence and hopelessness of their loves drives them towards self-destruction. They commit suicide in the crater of the famous volcano that overlooks Karuizawa, a resort much frequented by foreign missionaries and school-teachers during the summer months.

The story is simple; the telling of it is now and then a trifle naïve; but Mr. Bradford Smith's treatment of his theme is fresh, sensible and illuminating. He does not write always very smoothly; but his observation is good, and every one of his personages—Shigeo and his father, Major Honjo, Hobo the Communist student and Kimi herself—is a convincing and sympathetic figure. The Communist student is especially well-drawn. There are many like him; and not a year passes but the police descend upon several Japanese universities and carry off a number of students—now and then, a bevy of professors—who are suspected of harbouring "dangerous thoughts." A theoretical interest in socialism is sufficiently damning; and, once they have fallen into the clutches of the law, students are imprisoned without trial, bullied, browbeaten, severely cross-examined and often—as happens to the wretched Hobo—savagely tortured. If they are released, it is only to be arrested again; and, even though they escape from their police-station cells, they know that they have been registered on the police black-list and that their chances of finding employment are exceedingly scanty. This method of suppression seems all the more injudicious since Japanese students love to discuss every question at great length—they have a natural fondness for parliamentary procedure—and since the sole result achieved by reactionary onslaughts is to drive the conflict further and further underground.

I should hesitate to recommend *To the Mountain* as a work of pure literature; but it is worth reading because it gives an unusually sharp impression of modern Japanese life and may help to elucidate some of the complexities of the Japanese temperament. Mr. Bradford Smith's praise is as liberal as his criticism is incisive. The same generosity and humanity that makes itself felt in *To the Mountain* also appears in Mr. Beachcroft's *You Must Break Out Sometimes* and in Miss Stella Gibbons' *Miss Linsey and Pa.* Both deal with the lives of humble and obscure characters. When he published his first collection of stories, *A Young Man in a Hurry*, Mr. Beachcroft took his place as one of the most interesting English short-story-writers of the present day. *A Young Man in a Hurry* included one tale that I liked better than anything in Mr. Beachcroft's second volume; but every story is a carefully finished and intelligent work. Miss Gibbons treats her theme a little more flippantly. She has adopted the well-tried British middle-class attitude that the British working class has a heart of gold, and that one's charwoman or gardener may have a store of mellow wisdom and sagacious rule-of-thumb philosophy that their bourgeois neighbours might utilise to the utmost advantage. Thus, Miss Linsey does her employers a great deal of good. First, she takes a hand in the perplexing three-cornered drama provided by a neurasthenic novel-writing lady (whose last book was praised in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION!) her friend who adores her with a jealous possessive love, and a charming young doctor who proposes marriage. Next, Miss Linsey becomes involved in the fate of a little girl whose mother is attempting to bring her up on exceedingly modern lines. Miss Gibbons makes strenuous fun of highbrows; but more entertaining than her satirical account of how the intellectual upper-middle-class runs in circles after its own tail is her picture of Miss Linsey and Miss Linsey's father, of her landlady and the landlady's husband who keeps birds and is "a bit soft in the head," and of the other members of her immediate domestic group. Miss Gibbons has an effective sense of humour, and writes in a neat, practised, agreeably fluent style.

It might be an interesting experiment to begin Mr. Erskine Caldwell's *Kneel to the Rising Sun* just after finishing Mr. Beachcroft's *You Must Break Out Sometimes*. Mr. Caldwell's stories have a bitterness, a violence and an astringency that Mr. Beachcroft's almost entirely lack. A previous book by Mr. Caldwell, *We Are the Living*, struck me as an exceptionally talented production; and in his new book Mr. Caldwell returns to the Southern States of America—to the land of cotton and boll-weevils, of lean savage hogs (which devour men who tumble into their sties) and lethargic flea-infested hounds, yawning and scratching away the summer in the shade of dilapidated clap-board houses which are inhabited by a crew of equally exhausted, equally unprepossessing Poor Whites. This is not a book that will lie easily on squeamish stomachs; but it is a book, nevertheless, that deserves to be read. It is brutal, violent, staccato, harshly written; yet every adjective and every image flies straight to the point.

Like *To the Mountain*, *Tare Harvest* by Miss Eleanor Peters

appears to be a first novel and, as a first novel, deserves especial notice. For Miss Peters has the very unusual gift of re-creating an unfamiliar background so brightly and so comprehensively that it seems to become part of our own consciousness and we feel that we are drawing on some personal memory. The scene of the book is laid in a remote green valley among the Andes; and, in her narrative, this valley is occupied by a somewhat brutal and gangsterish English adventurer whose family have been educated to despise the feckless and improvident Chilenos of the surrounding countryside. One of his daughters makes an unfortunate marriage; and a large section of the book is taken up by the doings of the Laceys and of Justine Lacey, who elopes with a Chileno whose father old John Guilder has murdered. But it was the background of the novel I found really fascinating. Miss Peters possesses a naturally vivid style. It wastes no words; yet, in a few sentences, it brings out the charm of that verdant mountain-country, of its clear cold rivers—mint-scented, where passing hooves had crushed the plants on to the stones, till "all the air smelled of mint and cold, green water"—and of its desolate uplands, climbing steeply against the sky. PETER QUENNELL

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. Vol. VIII. THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Edited by Drs. C. W. PREVITÉ-ORTON and Z. N. BROOKE. *Cambridge University Press*, 1936, with atlas of maps. Price 50*s*.

Here is the final volume of a great undertaking, often set back by unlucky accidents. Of those who planned it and edited the early volumes, Professor Whitney, fortunately, is still working steadily on at Cambridge; but Bury and Gwatkin and Tanner dropped out on the way. If this present volume is judged to be at least as good as the best of its predecessors, that is to a great extent due to the ungrudging labour of the remaining editors, Drs. Previté-Orton and Brooke. As good, that is, as the difference of subject permits. Historians cannot make that which did not exist; and no art could make up for the inferiority of the fifteenth century to the thirteenth in lofty ideals and striking personalities. But students are increasingly willing to do justice to what is really good in the fifteenth century under its comparatively drab and monotonous colours; and this volume is, on the whole, not only more penetrating but more interesting than any other I know of that deals with the same period. It maintains the high standard of the whole series for impartiality even on the most hotly debated points. Mr. Laffan treats the Councils of Constance and Basle, and Professors Calmette and Petit-Dutaillis treat the Hundred Years' War, in a spirit none the less judicial for the living interest which breathes through all those three chapters. Readers, again, have reason to be satisfied that so much of this volume is written by Continental specialists dealing each with his own country. These fill no fewer than nine chapters.

It is difficult to select among the numberless details given in this volume of more than a thousand pages. But, without succumbing to the temptation of seeing modern analogies everywhere, and especially such analogies as most directly tickle our pressing interests of the moment, we can scarcely avoid continual reminders of the League of Nations. The epilogue repeatedly emphasises the growth of nationalist feeling, and consequently of national rivalries and wars, long before 1500, the conventional date at which this history ends. Even before the Black Death (a *Deus ex Machina* which is invoked nowadays by a whole school of historians in palliation of movements and doctrines which, in fact, had been dominant for centuries before that date) Pierre Dubois had put forward, as spokesman for his King, proposals for a French hegemony in Europe as complete as any ever dreamed of by Pan-Slavism or Pan-Germanism. The French, he argued, have an "inherent superiority of character"; they "have a wiser judgment than other nations; they do not move without thought; they act as right reason would dictate." Let the king, then, make a concordat which would enable him to put the Pope in his pocket; Europe would then be practically under one single government, civil and ecclesiastical, and we should have no more wars. "The scheme," comments Professor Laski here, "is not the less important because it is unpractical. It shows how far men's minds had gone in rejecting both the sovereignty of Pope and Emperor." The Council of Constance, again, began its proceedings by dividing itself, just as the medieval universities had from time immemorial divided themselves, into "nations." In its successor, the almost equally important Council of Basle, one of the chief reasons of failure, after beginnings of brilliant promise, was that it was "rent with national animosities . . . 'nations' formed themselves unofficially soon after the beginning of the Council, and came to have a great influence on its proceedings. . . . The doings of these bodies were swayed largely by political considerations, or by the particular interests of the regions whence their members came."

Again, there is a painfully modern ring about the following episode. Professor Waugh has been describing how, at Constance, the English nation had begun by taking the lead in pressing reform and justice upon the Pope; and how, after the others had given in through division of counsels and weariness, we at last followed suit, and accepted a concordat. "Such," he adds, "were the 'reforms' with which the once vigorous English 'nation' contented itself. After a little while the concordat fell into total oblivion." Professor Laski again sums up: "The conciliar movement was a gigantic failure. . . . It dispersed its efforts in a multiplicity of plans, many of which—as the Council of Basle made clear—would simply have re-created the schism which it was its purpose to terminate. . . . No conflict can be waged by a committee when its opponent is a single will that needs merely to wait to be victorious." For *schism* read *war*, and the parallel is desperately exact.

The two French professors write with the clearness and brilliancy characteristic of their race; but here they are equalled, if not outdone, by the late Edward Armstrong. His characterisation of Pius II, for instance, is like a portrait by Da Vinci; [Here are the last few lines (p. 181): "His versatility was marvellous; he was poet, sacred and profane, essayist on education, rhetoric, and horseflesh, a novelist so improper that his work was early translated into all European languages, geographer, historian, and, above all, diarist. His baffling character puzzled his contemporaries, and its ingredients have been disputed ever since."]

The one serious criticism with which I venture to conclude was expressed in my review of the very first volume in the *Nation* (January 13th, 1910). A co-operative history, while it has some of the advantages of impersonality, has also its disadvantages.

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MORRIS

There is sometimes a lack of unity: that, however, cannot fairly be charged against this last volume; the unity of spirit and treatment seems, for such a subject, remarkable. On the other hand, readers may sometimes find a certain timidity which is more natural to this "committee" than it would have been to a "single will." F. W. Maitland insisted that medieval history, whether we like it or not, is ecclesiastical history; and it is the reverse side of this present volume's objectivity that Church affairs, with that controversial tinge, do not come forward so often or so prominently as they might. The details are given, but there is less of synthesis or generalisation than the reader might expect. If I here make two explicit exceptions, I hope they are not inspired by collegiate prejudice. Professor Potter's chapter on education, with the advantage of many predecessors' contributions, seems to me the completest of the kind that I have read in any language, not only in wealth of exact detail but in width of generalisation and clearness of exposition. Here, the reader may see our ancestors' "common thoughts about common things" sufficiently clearly to realise something of that ferment which was destined to render the next century so different from the thousand years that had preceded it. And, finally, Dr. Previté-Orton's Epilogue surpasses even the high standard he had set himself in two earlier volumes. Here, for instance, are the three sentences in which he sums up the practical effect of those open violations or furtive evasions, in practice, of the theoretical prohibition of "usury" and insistence upon the "just price." "The loss was less than it seems. Minute, vexatious regulations, incessantly and hypocritically evaded, were after all a nuisance and a clog; in spite of the very real decay of scruple, honesty and fairness could and did survive. Individual responsibility in the wider world that fostered it was a dynamic, creative force; it supplied a public need, and in the long run submitted to the sway of a public conscience." It would be difficult to put a complicated question so clearly in so few words.

G. G. COULTON

FOUR AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

Fighter Pilot. By "McSCOTCH." *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.
Stormy Petrel. By CHARLES KENNETT. *Hurst and Blackett.* 10s. 6d.
Days of My Youth. By D. B. KITCHIN. *Herbert Joseph.* 10s. 6d.
A Millionaire in Memories. By FRANK GERALD. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Kitchin pleads in an apologetic preface to his reminiscences that "no record of a life, if done in good faith, can be wholly without interest, more especially for those who have travelled along parallel roads, and a picture, even by an indifferent artist, may have value, if it preserves for us something of the past." Fewer artless autobiographies would be published if this were not the general opinion, yet it seems to me almost entirely erroneous. The interest of the record of a life, even of an eventful life, depends on how it is written. It is not enough to write "in good faith." A sincere intention to set down thoughts, feelings and experiences faithfully may be frustrated by literary incompetence. "Painting is to paint," a Chinese sage told a young artist in the tenth century. It is equally true that "writing is to write." What is wrong with the majority of autobiographies is that they are not written, but lifted out of experience, and tumbled on to the page without discrimination, selection or arrangement.

The author of *Fighter Pilot*, who has adopted "McScotch," his nickname in the Royal Flying Corps, as a pseudonym, is first of all to be congratulated on the skill with which he has selected his material. Unlike most people who write their reminiscences, he has not made the mistake of trying to cover the whole ground of his life. His book deals only with his experiences while serving in one of the leading Fighter Squadrons in France in the year 1917. He describes them in detail, and with such directness and clarity that the effect they had on him at the time is communicated to the reader. He has much the same sensation as a spectator in the theatre who finds that he is not reacting as himself to what is taking place, but as one or other of the characters in the drama. He sees these fighting pilots becoming inured to the dangers and horrors of war, which in the days of their first combats in the air had terrified and sickened them. "I came to regard the vision of a flaming enemy without a tremor, but with an inward prayer that the pilot had been killed first." This agonising death from burning petrol was so much dreaded, that "Mick" Mannock, V.C., a famous ace, always carried a revolver, to "finish myself, as soon as I see the first sign of flames." "McScotch's" living portrait of Mannock would alone make his book worth reading. "In those days of intensive training, uncertainty, and living for the moment, with all their attendant superficialities and immoralities, it was refreshing to find someone whose mind was of an inquiring nature, who, right in the midst of war, had the time and equanimity to consider the values of ideals and beliefs." The elements were mixed up in Mannock. In some aspects, he appears level-headed and thoughtful, in others extremely emotional. "You darned old sentimentalist!" That was the Mannock who would not go up on Christmas Day, would not use incendiary ammunition. It interests me to know that the man who eventually emerged as the most aggressive fighter and daring leader in the squadron began by being so cautious, even timorous, that he was mistaken for a coward.

Stormy Petrel is an apt title for Mr. Charles Kennett's reminiscences. The story of his adventurous life would make a very good film scenario. Indeed the reader is often under the impression that he is in a cinema, watching the rapid progress of events on the screen. Educated at a famous public school. There, had a head injury to which medical men attribute lawless and irregular conduct. Joined the Royal Flying Corps at sixteen, concealing that this was his correct age. Invalided out of it in 1918, he emigrated to Canada, and thence drifted to Los Angeles, where he became a member of a racketeer's gang, smuggling dope across the border by aeroplane. Escaped, and worked his passage by sea to San Francisco. Job in the air mail service. Dismissed when it was discovered he was not an American. Next to the Philippines. Pilot in the American Air Service. Escaped to China. Gun-running for the Communist army. Sailed as fireman on a Norwegian ship to Australia. Thence to New Guinea, gold-prospecting. Back to Australia. Became a golf professional. Trouble. Prison. Back to Europe as quarter-master on a German ship. Now he lives in "one of England's oldest and quaintest villages," and has turned author. No one who reads *Stormy Petrel* will regret that. Mr. Kennett can write. There are passages in this book which have the Hemingway touch. It is the prose of reality, often cheap and coarse, but alive.

After the dramatic method of "McScotch," and the cinematographic method of Mr. Kennett, the plodding narrative method of Mr. Kitchin and Mr. Gerald seems tedious and antiquated. The days of Mr. Kitchin's youth might be the days of any respectable youth in Victorian times. He somehow fails to give to his account of his experiences at Harrow and Cambridge, and in a publishing business in London, any idiosyncrasy. His portraits of the "interesting people" he has met are singularly insipid. "Shaw, then as now, was a striking personality, with his fine face, wild hair and pleasant Irish intonation."

Mr. Frank Gerald is introduced by his publisher as "a born autobiographer." "Story-teller" should have been substituted for "autobiographer." *A Millionaire in Memories* is just one yarn after another. Not all of them are as good as this one about a performance of *Othello*, in a mining township in Victoria:

> When it came to the scene where Othello was smothering his wife, it got a bit too much for the audience. One hefty miner who had travelled miles to see the show, got carried away, jumped up, and shouted: "Leave the bloody woman alone!"

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

THEY FOUND WORSHIPPERS

English Messiahs. By RONALD MATTHEWS. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

There is an ancient wheeze about a lunatic pointing to another inmate of the asylum, and saying to a visitor: "You see that man—isn't it funny—he says he is God. He can't be—because I am." In this book Mr. Matthews gives us in an excellently straightforward style the stories of six persons who not only enjoyed this curious illusion but found followers to support their claims. In the case of James Nayler, indeed, it was the followers, and one energetic woman in particular, who forced godship on a man too weak to resist the suggestion. The result was a triumphant entry into Bristol, with Nayler on a horse, and his disciples casting their cloaks before him, and crying: "Holy, Holy, Holy" and "Hosanna." He was arrested, tried by the House of Commons (in 1656), flogged, pilloried, and confined in Bridewell. He survived to repent his errors. Mr. Matthews attenuates unduly, I think, the claims made by Nayler, suggesting that his doctrine of the Inner Light was misunderstood. But, during his trial, he

LEFT BOOK CLUB

The first Choice of the Club will be issued on Monday next, May 18th, and will consist of two books, viz:

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surely had the chance to admit that the indwelling Christ was in him only as in other Quakers, and this was an admission he could not bring himself to make. At one moment he sought reconciliation with Fox, who recounts that "The Lord moved me to slight him and to set the power of God over him." So it was only his foot that he would offer to be kissed. Nayler refused: like many mystics he fell by pride. Fox evidently had diagnosed the sin, but seems to have been suffering himself from the same complaint.

Joanna Southcott is less interesting. She believed that she was the woman of whom Jehovah prophesied in the book of Genesis that she would bruise the serpent's heel. She collected followers by vapouring in verse, and at the age of sixty-four announced that she was a virgin pregnant with a new Messiah, called Shiloh:

> The Archbishop of Canterbury was summoned to provide a suite of rooms in Lambeth Palace for the mysterious accouchement, with suitable attendants, and when he failed a similar demand was addressed to the Lord Chancellor. For the reception of Shiloh a superb crib was made at the cost of £200, which drew throngs to the window of its Aldersgate maker.

Instead of giving birth, she died; the post-mortem discovered no signs of pregnancy. This shook some of her disciples in their faith in the Bible, and they became Unitarians. Others continued to believe in Joanna—such is the mysterious power of faith—and she still has followers. The poor woman seems to have been a good-natured sort of creature.

Richard Brothers was a half-pay naval lieutenant who called himself "God Almighty's Nephew." He was much madder than Joanna Southcott, and is interesting chiefly as one of the founders of "British Israelite" doctrine. The pleasing theory that the British are lineally the Chosen People, to whom the Old Testament made such promises of domination, still finds its adherents largely among officers on half-pay. And if this country became Fascist, British-Israelism would evidently be the most appropriate religion to establish.

Thoms was another raving maniac, who found enough followers in a Kent village to cause a riot, kill and be killed for his sake. Prince and Smyth-Pigott were the successive self-appointed Christs of the Agapemone or Abode of Love. Each of them in later life discovered it was his duty to enter into a spiritual marriage with a young female, and in neither case was the marriage so spiritual as to preclude offspring. All these Messiahs were "guided," for the doctrine of "guidance" appeals specially to neurotics, who follow impulses from the sub-conscious, regardless of the promptings of good sense.

Mr. Matthews ends his extremely interesting book with explanations of these maniacs in terms of modern psychology. I wish he had devoted more space to the state of mind of their followers. For the wish to worship a man seems to be more widespread now than it has been for centuries. The decay of faith in traditional Christianity has let in a flood of idolatry uglier far than any excess of nominally Christian superstition. Those who in the past would have found in God a father or bridegroom to fear and love now abase themselves before a dictator. Voltaire and Helvetius, Huxley and Haeckel, laboured to destroy men's faith in the divinity of One who was indubitably good. And they succeeded so far that men now have faith in the divinity of those who are indubitably bad. RAYMOND MORTIMER

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A SOUTH AFRICAN ACHIEVEMENT

Economic Development of the British Overseas Empire. Vol. III (South Africa) by the late L. C. A. KNOWLES and C. M. KNOWLES. *Routledge*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The lecture notes of the late Professor Lilian Knowles, edited and brought up to date by the pious labours of Mr. C. M. Knowles, give us certainly a valuable collection of material for study of the economic development of South Africa. Heavy quotation from official records, with a studied avoidance of more personal records, and little of what might be called the "smell" of the country, make this treatment of a rich theme come needlessly near the class of *biblia a-biblia*. The unusually rich "material" dating from the Milner period of reconstruction—when the South African services were exceptionally well staffed with officials who really could write minutes—in itself a rich mine, is fully exploited; but the treatment of the early history and of the less well documented Republican period suffers by contrast; and the writers do not perhaps invariably distinguish between the well written and what is historically significant.

South African farmers have had to struggle, more than most, with poor soil, droughts, pests, and difficulties of transport. How administrative and financial help has been lavished on the farmers is fully described here. The "brilliant" medical organisation which now deals with miners' phthisis is singled out as "worthy of comparison" with that of the conspicuously efficient veterinary and scientific services of the Department of Agriculture. Some years ago, however, a farmer I knew of had reason to suspect that his bore-hole was responsible for sickness in his family. When he appealed to the Health authorities to have the water examined he was told he must wait his turn—and that the fee would be £10. Then an ox died and he turned to the Veterinary Department. Next day an officer arrived and the examination was immediately put in hand—without charge.

The chapters on mining development are in themselves well done. But they ought to have preceded those on agriculture, and the full significance of South Africa's one great economic achievement is rather missed. Obviously only mining enterprise and mining revenues have made it possible for the country to emerge, in the last half-century, from the abject poverty and obscurity which make its economic history such a contrast with that of the very little older American colonies. Mrs. Knowles rightly contrasts the rationalisation of the gold mines with the chaos which still rules in the British coal-fields. The evolution of the Group system has made it possible for each mining unit to retain a high degree of local responsibility, while enjoying to the full the benefits of benevolent central direction, central buying, and above all central organisation of the scientific and engineering sides of the work. Their technique, their efficiency (diabolical if you will), make Consolidated Goldfields Ltd., Central Mining, "Johnnies," and the rest, the great South African contribution to capitalist organisation anywhere—quite possibly a model and a basis for a future socialist state. "De Beers" and diamond control came first but are less significant; nothing but rigid organisation of output and sales could have saved this fickle market. But the foundations of the Gold-mining Groups were laid in Republican days. Whatever its faults, the Boer Government was no respecter of capitalists. Kruger's rule not only gave the South African state an unusually reasonable share of mining rights and profits; its bullying, so unlike the usual pampering of capital, forced on

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the mine-owners the quite invaluable lesson of the economy of efficiency.

About the Natives Mrs. Knowles is sympathetic, but non-committal. The rise of their mine wages from 1*s.* 11.7*d.* per shift in 1914 to 2*s.* 2.11*d.* in 1921 " could not be called excessive " ; it appears that in 1930 the average was 2*s.* 1.7*d.* The political pressure which has made the mines at once highly efficient in themselves, and indulgent to white labour, has done little for the Natives. What trifle Natives get from the " generous " provision for phthisis relief we are left to guess. " The existence of cheap Native labour," we read, gives the Rand one great advantage over mines in other Dominions. A peroration speaks of the " special responsibility resting on the governing class," and leaves it at that.

W. M. MACMILLAN

PROLETARIAN NOVELS

Seven Red Sundays. By RAMON SENDER. *Faber and Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

May Day. By JOHN SOMMERFIELD. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Baroness. By ERNST WIECHERT. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

By no means the least surprising factor of the proletarian revolution is the petrifying effect which it has had upon the arts, for its worst enemies would find it difficult to deny that it has, above almost all other considerations, encouraged the other forms of creative work. Its nature is dynamic, but the arts which it has produced have been, almost without exception, uncomfortably static and uniformly dull. Why? The answer, as they say, is far to seek. Probably too far at this early stage in its history.

A violent upheaval, so far from damming the springs of creative genius, should have freed rivers and oceans of that divine substance: revolutions, providing as they do all the grandeur and irony which have ever been the tools of the great writers, the interplay between human hearts and their duty to collective disorder, birth rising triumphant out of death and decay, and an almost visible manifestation of the supreme irony of man's existence—the individual in conflict with the society of which he is a part creator, offer upon a golden charger every light and shadow, every crust and crumb of man's destiny which the novelist could desire in the most imaginative moments of his fancy. And yet.

The rivers of genius are dry: the great names which poured light into the world and will flood it for all time are enshrined in that mausoleum we call the Everyman library, to show how the road towards better things was cut and mapped. The contemporary scene and its effect on human destiny has yet to find its radical chroniclers of genius. Maybe the distilled essence of revolution is too strong for harnessing (if an essence can be harnessed); maybe we are too close to it, and it is still all highlights to those who lived through it; maybe a hundred things, but one thing certain. Only two great novels have been produced by the proletarian revolutions of our generation, and in both cases, not perhaps by coincidence, the revolutions which they present with such vigour were abortive. Malraux's *La Condition Humaine* was the first: Ramon Sender's *Seven Red Sundays* is the second.

Sender's is an extraordinary book, and, almost beyond belief difficult to read; but once the first mountain of obscurity, inherent in its method of presentation, has been scaled, the descent on the other side is as exciting as a long ski-run on a crisp morning, and as beautiful and dangerous. Its incoherency, which muddles and perplexes the reader in the first few chapters, is suddenly no longer a collection of apparently unrelated personal anecdotes and reactions: the story of an abortive rising in Madrid crystallises; the light shines, and the painful tale can no longer be put aside for a more leisured moment. To its telling in the first person many characters contribute, not least the moon and the pet rooster of the heroine, Star; and in the end we have looked at freedom and liberty, or rather dreams of freedom and liberty through a score of pairs of eyes, each focused according to the value which their possessor places on these things. This is an almost intolerably painful book, but it has an integrity which triumphs over pain and a beauty which defeats the misery it portrays. Unlike other revolutionary authors of our time, Sender is not so exclusively preoccupied with political necessities that he has been unable to observe the beauty of such things as trees in bloom, the curve of a racing railway train, the night, adolescence, loyalty, wit and all the abstract qualities which surround mankind with estimable splendour. A phrase much in use by modern reviewers is " purged with pity and terror." I feel sure that that phrase, if it means anything, could be applied to this book. Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, who has translated *Seven Red Sundays* from the Spanish, wears with great ease, and rightly so, the mantle of the late Charles Scott Moncrieff. His translation is superb.

It is Mr. Sommerfield's bad luck that his novel should be in the same parcel as that of Ramon Sender's. He has gallantly attempted to paint an impressionist picture of every stratum of, and interconnecting link in, the lives of all who go to make up the man power of a factory, and to relate the feelings and will of the workers with those of the rest of mankind who are struggling for better conditions. In quick and undeniably vivid snapshots he presents a number of characters, from the directors to the workers, and traces the movements of their private and public lives in the two days preceding May 1st, whose strike is described in the last section of the book.

May Day is an attempt to do too much. The whole of life and all the implications which its various activities contain can be compressed within the covers of a book only by a man of genius. Mr. Sommerfield is not a man of genius. But he is a man who knows what he is after, and, because he has tried to run before he can really walk with confidence, he has failed.

It has always seemed to me that implications rather than direct statement should be the means of conveying a message in the guise of fiction. This book is all direct statement: its messages are printed in clear type on every page, with the result that they are forgotten as soon as read.

> These silly girls with their synthetic Hollywood dreams, their pathetic silk stockings and lipsticks, their foolish strivings to escape from the cramped monotony of their lives, are the raw material of history.

With that remark of Mr. Sommerfield's no one will quarrel, but, since it is the central message of his book about the evil conditions of factory life, how much better if at the end of our reading we could put the book down and say to ourselves precisely what he has said there. Then, I venture to think, the book would have been memorable.

The Baroness is one of those irritating books about the soil and about man's redemption, which one either likes or is constitutionally unable to admire. It seems to be an uneven specimen of

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its kind, and is weighed down with a Teutonic heaviness which allows the reader no relaxation from beginning to end. And it is infinitely irritating in that the Baroness has no name, and is constantly referred to—on almost every page—as Frau Baronin, printed in italics. Nothing is so disturbing to the eye and therefore to the attention.

Ernst Wiechert is a dull writer, but he knows what he is writing about—the countryside in all its moods, man's inevitable return to it after war and hardship have taken him away, and the peace that it can bring to a tired heart. PHILIP JORDAN

GOD WOT

The Modern Garden. By G. C. TAYLOR. *Country Life.* 15s.
When I Make a Garden. By RALPH HANCOCK. *Foulis.* 6s.
Gentians. By DAVID WILKIE. *Country Life.* 12s. 6d.
The Identification of Trees and Shrubs. By F. K. MAKINS. *Dent.* 15s.
The Small Garden. By SIR EDWARD ANSON. *Bell.* 3s. 6d.

All of these books are good; one is superb. If it were not that its virtues were so obvious and its whole purpose supremely successful I should be tempted to apply to it that classic remark of James I, *re*, I think, *The Advancement of Learning*: "It is like the peace of God: it passeth all understanding." *The Modern Garden* is, indeed, a swell book. It does in pictures what other people have tried and have failed so often to do in words. In its 224 pages there are, I suppose, not more than 10 pages of print: no learned disquisitions, no sentimentality or swanking or sloppiness about this flower or that, no tiresome arguments. The book sets out to show, by photographs instead of words, what the modern garden is and what it can be. Mr. Taylor says in his introduction:

> It has often occurred to me that the method of presentation by means of illustrations supplemented by short critical notes might be reasonably used for the purposes of a contemporary study of the modern garden. It is a form of presentation that has much to commend it with such closely allied branches of gardening art as design and planting, for it has the advantage, generally lacking in the text method, of enabling the inexpert, not equipped with a knowledge of plants or of the few fundamental principles underlying garden design, to visualise the future pictures he is creating.

It goes on to say that since the vision of the camera is limited the book "as a study and guide can only be suggestive, not complete." To look at it, in fact, is to suck lemons—the lemons of envy, jealousy, ambition and all those ugly vices which the gardens of other people arouse in the dissatisfied horticulturist. For how can one hope to compete? even to imitate? In this book gardens are not measured by plots but by acres, flowers not by half dozens but by legions. It is the grand scale. If there were any doubt about Shaw's dictum that money is the most powerful thing in the world, even in gardens, it is dispelled here. Money, indeed, not only talks. It flowers. It flowers into the formal gardens, the herbaceous gardens, the wild and woodland gardens, the rock-gardens, the rose gardens, the water gardens of Mr. Taylor's book. Only money can do it. How surprisingly well it can do it *The Modern Garden*, with its 350 photographs, shows. It is a gorgeous book.

So gorgeous, indeed, that it would be a very good book that could stand up to it. *When I Make a Garden* would seem very good if one had never seen Mr. Taylor's book. It remains, as it is, simply good. Its purpose is identical—to show to the aspiring gardener what can be done by skill and cash—but it is inevitably restricted by being the work of one man. *The Modern Garden* is a creamy anthology of scores of experts. Mr. Hancock, like ourselves in turn, can never hope to compete with that. Nor do his photographs do him justice. Also, he can deviate into absurdity. Witness "the old post-and-rail fence, taken from a remote farm in New England and re-erected exact in every detail." Preserved in a careful state of decay and collapse, that fence looks just as false and silly as a "ye olde petrole pumpe," and must have been, I fancy, the cause of some remote New England farmer laughing up a sleeve.

Of Gentians there are some 800 species: a vast bewildering race of beauties and weeds. "Take it all in all," said Farrer, "perhaps Gentiana offers the rock-garden more glory than any other race, and more persistently denies it." It is a race that, extending over almost the whole world and flowering for more than half the year, has baffled and charmed gardeners of all climates. In recent years it has, like the lily, received a new prominence, with the same result. Interest has created a demand for something which, as with the lily, did not exist—namely, an authoritative single book on the species. Now that it has come it could hardly have been more admirable. It is both expert and human; its 91 illustrations are impeccable; it avoids the gush of sentimentalists on the one hand and the gabble of botanists on the other. Farrer, who could devote only 30 pages to the genus, could surely have welcomed it. It is in every way worthy, in fact, of the genus he adored.

Lastly, two books of extreme practical value. With its 2,500 diagrams, its descriptions of 1,732 species, its easy key, *The Identification of Trees and Shrubs* is, if inevitably a little dry, invaluable. It is not to be read. It is a book that one needs, perhaps, a dozen times a year, more or less, and then needs badly. It should be in all schools and—seriously—on the desks of all nurserymen. Its decorations are clear and accurate, and incidentally a real delight.

The Small Garden is for those beginning. It is neither exhaustive nor ambitious. Ranging from hyacinths to cabbages, it aims at being a guide to those who do not know but would like to know. It succeeds. H. E. BATES

EAST AND WEST IN RUSSIAN MUSIC

Chronicle of My Life. By IGOR STRAVINSKY. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.
Masters of Russian Music. By M. D. CALVOCORESSI and GERALD ABRAHAM. *Duckworth.* 18s.

Coming very late into the field, Russian music that can lay claim to an individual tradition extends over scarcely more than a hundred years and is thus relatively easy of assessment. Founded, as it was bound to be, on the folk-song melody, its inventor was Glinka, and "Russlan and Liudmilla" became the watershed from which the two schools of Russian music diverged—that which remained true to the European tradition at the cost of individuality, and that which developed a specifically Russian idiom. The composers whose lives are studied with admirable succinctness

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and clarity by Messrs. Abraham and Calvocoressi—Glinka, Balakiref, Cui, Borodin, Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakof, Liadof, Glazunof, Liapunof, Taneiev, Scriabin—constitute, with two exceptions (Glazunof and Scriabin), the famous school which invented "Russian" music. The authors have had access to much new material, especially in the case of Mussorgsky; this, combined with a profound knowledge of the subject in general, a lively style of writing, and the assistance of Repin's remarkable portraits of most of the school, makes this book invaluable to those interested primarily in the composers themselves, since musical criticism in the more special sense has been excluded from the book. The reader may be surprised by the frequency with which neurosis and its shadow, drink, crop up in the course of the book. This is perhaps only the effect of crowding so many lives together: neurosis, of one kind or another, is never far from the life of any artist in any age. But the ravages it produced among Russian composers was terrible; the stories of Mussorgsky, Tchaikovsky and Scriabin make extremely painful reading, particularly as we are left with the impression that, given only a little less self-induced agony, the first of these men might have left us about a third again of the music that he managed to write, the second might have cultivated the fortunate, at the expense of the unfortunate, aspects of his genius, while the third might have developed along the lines of his brilliant early work, instead of losing himself in the mists of megalomaniac egotism. A new point of great interest which emerges from this book is the dynamic importance of Balakiref, not so much as a composer (though here he has been underrated) but as an influence. The originality and penetration of his mind seem to have been extraordinary, but his influence would have been even greater and more useful than it was, if he had exercised a little more tact in expressing his opinions on the works submitted to him by young and sensitive disciples. As it was, his procedure was apt to defeat its own ends, and he retired from the stage at a crucial moment when his presence might have exercised a decisive effect. For the history of the Russian movement in music has a villain and his name is, not Tchaikovsky, as has generally been thought, but Rimsky-Korsakof. Villain, that is to say, from the "pure," Mussorgskian point of view, though hardly, I think, from our own, western, standpoint. For it was he who, before the days of Scriabin, rejoined Wagner, though from the opposite direction, in the *recherche de l'effet*, the creation of luscious harmony and "literary" effects—all those things, in fact, from which Stravinsky was later to represent the reaction.

Stravinsky is pointedly omitted from this review of "great" Russian composers, and I cannot believe that he himself has rendered much service to his cause by the extremely curious book of reminiscences which has now been translated (most excellently) from the French original. Suppose that X is an old friend of yours, very rich, and that he has announced his intention of giving you a present. What would be your feelings if, instead of the dressing-case from Asprey or the watch from Tyme, you were handed—with great ceremony, with great care, with all the air of a special circumstance—a penny box of matches? Surprise, no doubt, and disappointment, not untinged with vexation at the loss of such an opportunity. These are certainly the emotions inspired in at least one reader by this bloodless and determinedly remote *Chronicle*. "One can recollect facts or incidents with more or less exactitude, but one cannot reconstitute feelings without the risk of distorting them under the influence of the many changes which one has meanwhile undergone," explains Stravinsky. No doubt; but what is interesting to other people is not so much the facts of a man's life as precisely that synthesis which his mind forms out of them, when he recollects them in tranquillity. It is the distortion which teaches, not the facts. If every artist had felt like Stravinsky, the world would be poorer by practically all its greatest autobiographies, from Saint Augustine to Rousseau, De Quincey and Stendhal. It is impossible to give any idea of the desiccation of this book, except by reference to its author's later works, such as *Perséphone* and the *Capriccio*. It is a terrifying, and in its way fascinating, example of what a cold intellect, reinforced by a rigid artistic and religious dogmatism, is capable of. The conception of music here adumbrated ("Music is given to us with the sole purpose of establishing an order in things, including, and particularly, the co-ordination between *man* and *time*") is interesting and partially true; but it is woefully incomplete. The other opinions and impressions given in the course of the bare chronicle of outward events may be complete but are certainly dull. Stravinsky goes to Italy. What does he have to tell us about it? "My visits to the Italian towns left a particularly pleasant impression. I am always delighted to go to Italy, a country for which I have the deepest admiration." Any advertisement makes livelier reading than this sort of thing. When he goes to New York, "without stopping to describe my visual impressions on landing . . . I want to begin by bearing witness as a musician to the fact that in the United States, side by side with a pronounced weakness for the freakish and the sensational, I found a real taste for the art of music . . ." If, instead of laboriously telling us something that we all knew already, Stravinsky had "stopped" to describe his visual impressions of New York, he would have done a greater service to himself by giving us a deeper understanding of one of the most important musical minds of our day. But this, I can't help feeling, is just what he prefers us not to acquire. And if so, why write reminiscences at all?

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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PALMERSTON AS JOHN BULL

Lord Palmerston. By H. C. F. BELL. 2 Vols. *Longmans.* 42*s.*

This work in nearly 1,000 pages is *Bell's Life* (a term the old sportsman Palmerston would have loved). It is the best *ad interim* life we are likely to get yet awhile; we ought to be very grateful for it.

Professor C. K. Webster is known to be writing the diplomatic narrative of Palmerston from 1830–41. This will doubtless give new information. There are sure to be other studies and of other phases. No one will exhaust Palmerston yet awhile. But meanwhile we have a full life, and a life in the round, to enjoy.

I am obliged, however, to make some criticisms. Bulwer's *Life* of Palmerston is quoted both in letters and statements, but Bulwer was so unscrupulous and careless that such quotations ought to be backed by other evidence, and our author by no means always takes this precaution. Again, he suggests (I, p. 349) that Palmerston "seemed restrained in his utterances on foreign policy" during 1841–6. But he was not at all restrained in the utterances on Aberdeen in the *Morning Chronicle* which he inspired or actually wrote. He was always calling him "an old woman," he said he used "the clown's bludgeon," a strange

Company Meeting

BRITISH MATCH CORPORATION

A SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The ninth ordinary general meeting of the British Match Corporation, Limited, was held on Wednesday, May 13th, at River Plate House, London, E.C.

Mr. Clarence E. Bartholomew, O.B.E. (chairman and managing director), said that they proposed to continue the policy of writing down the goodwill rights, etc., and hoped eventually to eliminate them altogether from the balance sheet.

The additions to their shareholdings in subsidiary companies consisted of purchases of relatively small further groups of shares in companies in which they were already substantially interested, and which were earning dividends.

The amount owing by a subsidiary company showed further reduction. There had been two amounts last year, one of which had been paid off. The remainder related to their Brazilian business which had for several years been largely financed by advances both from Bryant and May, Ltd., and from the British Match Corporation. As shareholders had been informed on former occasions, their investment in Brazil had been a cause of anxiety by reason of the serious fall in the exchange and the difficulties in making remittances from that country.

The revenue account showed a slight saving in the cost of administration, and, on the opposite side, an increase in the revenue from their shareholdings. Of those the most important in amount were the dividends from Bryant and May, Ltd., and from J. John Masters and Co., Ltd., which were at the same rate as in the previous year. The volume of business in the best classes of matches in the Home trade had been well maintained. The sales of the famous "Swan Vestas" constituted a record once again, while discriminating buyers of the familiar penny box had shown that if they must pay a penny they wanted the best quality for their money. It was one of the little peculiarities of the trade that there were still consumers in London, and a few other places, who would accept in exchange for a perfectly good penny matches which were of less certain value.

COMPETITION OF RUSSIA

The market for the cheaper grades of imported matches had been seriously disturbed for some time past by the importation into this country of large quantities of matches from Soviet Russia. Most of those had been sold—though "sold" was hardly the proper word—thrown on the market at prices which bore no kind of relation to commercial values, or to costs of production and distribution. The prices had often been less than half the bare cost of raw material. The boxes were marked only "Foreign made." Those were almost the only matches which were not marked with the country of origin, and it was significant that their Russian origin was thus concealed from the ordinary buyer. There had always been a market here for imported matches, and so long as those were sold on a fair commercial basis they would know how to hold their own as they had done in the past, but this was a development which could scarcely have been foreseen when the Trade Agreement between the United Kingdom and Soviet Russia had been negotiated.

The alteration in the method of paying their dividends—less income tax instead of free of tax—yielded a fractional increase in the return to the Ordinary shareholder as compared with last year. This was in spite of the recently increased rate of tax, for, owing to allowance for Dominion tax on some of their investments, the rate which they had to deduct from the final dividend was only slightly above 4s. in the £.

They had experienced another good year, for which they were grateful in times when international political uncertainty made it almost impossible to take any long view in commerce and industry.

They would continue to mind their own business according to the best of their ability and judgment, and trust that they would continue to achieve results which merited the approval of their shareholders.

The report was adopted.

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attribute of an old woman, and had been kicked by every European power. "Even the Turk has tried the curled end of his slipper on us." None of this is very restrained. Again I doubt the conclusions drawn as to the influence of Canning upon him (I, 59). *The Morning Chronicle*, until 1848 (after which it severed connection with Palmerston) abounds in almost servile praise of Canning as the ideal Foreign Minister. Palmerston's most famous portrait has a bust of Canning in the background, put there by his special injunction. What I miss still more is a real appreciation of the difference between the two men, and of how the intellectual greatness of Canning and his conception of principles stand out in comparison with the shifts and mechanical adroitness of his successor. Then (I, 58) it is not really true that Canning wanted to support Liberals or Constitutionalists. He confessed that England's real interest was to balance between despots and parliamentarians in other countries. Palmerston did support both Liberals and Constitutionalists, and here is the difference between the two men, their systems, their intellectual make-up, and their ultimate influence.

Palmerston was certainly most effective at times in and outside Europe. He succeeded with a good deal of his policy of bolstering up constitutionalism in Portugal and Spain. But the constitutions betrayed him by collapsing soon afterwards. He succeeded in defeating Mehemet Ali, and Mr. Bell's is a brilliant account of that episode from the internal side as well as the external. Though I think Professor Webster will have something to add, Mr. Bell has done much here of great value. He is disappointing, though candid, about Palmerston in Switzerland during 1848, and very meagre about the great struggle over the Hungarian Refugees in 1849. It was here that Palmerston won one of his greatest triumphs, and where he used popular support for a high and statesmanlike end. Our author is much better and fuller on the unsavoury topic of the Spanish marriages. In regard to the frequent American disputes, he is on the whole fair, though fairness must be difficult for a "Yankee." The treatment of the origins of the Crimea is good, though a little summary and much too prejudiced against Nicholas. The whole sketch of the last years of foreign policy (1859–65) is rather jejune. During these latter years our author, like Palmerston, has grown a little weary and begun to lack grip. Every now and then he has a penetrating criticism, as on Palmerston's attitude towards the Yugo-Slavs in 1862 (II, 331). But on the whole the treatment of his relations with Napoleon III is disappointing, and even more so that of his defeat at the hands of Bismarck.

None the less in domestic policy our author holds out to the end. He is always amusing and alive like the old man himself. Palmerston would doubtless have had a name for the Professor at a Wesleyan University as our author describes himself. He would have been the "Honourable and Reverend gentleman." But his reverence is not at all destitute of the shrewdness and balance needed to appraise Palmerston. He does not indeed know everything. His treatment of Palmerston's relations with the Queen is not always happy (I, 319). He does not seem to know of the unpublished passage in Greville, which details a scandal about Palmerston, and says it was known to the Queen. If true, it would more than justify all her animosity. This anecdote, if true, explains much that our biographer finds perplexing and on which we would like to know that he has reflected in private even if he says nothing in public. Again, can anyone believe that Aberdeen and Princess Lieven were united by the perhaps "*unconscious* bond" of dislike for Palmerston? (I, 329). There was nothing *unconscious* about Princess Lieven at any time. These are personal matters on which different opinions can be held. But there are also some political points on which I doubt his judgment. Thus, he quotes with approval a statement that Palmerston "is and always has been wrong in his neglect of forms" (I, 315), and thinking this disregard was the chief reason of his failures. During the crisis of 1839–41 he certainly did his best to avert such complaints. If this period is an exception to the rule, it ought to be noted by the author. He is very good in his account of Palmerston's domestic policy, and of his daily life. I know nothing more likely to give one an idea of the man than the account of his Continental tour and his diversions on his estate during the period 1841–6 (chapter XV). It is on this note of genial irresponsibility that we may leave him. The author knows how to depict John Bull, and even how to love him.

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THE CAPITALIST MIND

Lord Inchcape. By HECTOR BOLITHO. *Murray.* 15s.

This book is not interesting because Lord Inchcape was in any sense a great man. It is interesting because, in an acquisitive society, he was successfully acquisitive and the world heaped at his feet the rewards of his success. He worked hard all his life. He had considerable powers of organisation, great energy, and a magnificent constitution. He knew how to use men, and he was the head of a vast organisation which, like so many of its kind, built its success upon the devoted service of innumerable men who were less successfully acquisitive than their chief. There is not in this book any evidence that Lord Inchcape ever had an original thought or employed an illuminating phrase. His mind was, throughout his life, concentrated upon the twin tasks of getting money on the one hand, and maintaining the kind of world that enabled him to keep his money on the other. Outside those interests, he hardly seems to have lived at all. Hard, narrow, autocratic, he lived to command. The kind of world in which his type had not the right to command was unintelligible to him.

The interest of the book lies in the way in which the world of politics took him at his own valuation. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Morley, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, were all proud of his friendship. Lord Morley would have liked to make him Viceroy of India. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (whom he early learned to value, with Mr. Thomas and Lord Snowden, as eminently "safe" from the business point of view) told him that he was "bringing the wild Socialist Labour members to heel." The leaders of all political parties seemed to vie with one another to win his approval. What he approved was a society in which the property of men like himself was safe and there was no nonsense about the shorter working week.

His great moment was when he served on the Geddes Committee. It is a fascinating index to his type of mind that the work he did there did not seem to him in the least political. To cut down the social services in the interest of the class to which he belonged seemed to him simply a public service to which, as a patriot, he was pledged. What that committee meant to those,

Company Meeting

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The annual general Court of the Alliance Assurance Company, Ltd., was held on Wednesday, May 13, at the Head Office, Bartholomew Lane, E.C.

Mr. Lionel N. de Rothschild, O.B.E. (the chairman), said that the new Life Business amounted to £3,579,859. Although that was some £10,000 less than in the year 1934, it was still largely in excess of the amount completed in any other previous year in the company's history. The recent revision in the rates in consequence of the changes in the rates of mortality and interest had probably retarded the expansion in their new Life business.

The continued fall in the rate of interest that could be earned on new money was bound to affect the profits that could be earned in the Life Funds in the future. Nevertheless they were confident that unless some serious financial disturbance occurred they would be able to declare a satisfactory rate of bonus when the results of the valuation at the end of 1938 were announced.

Their Fire business during the year had been, as usual, very satisfactory. There had been a modest increase in the premium income, and loss ratio showed only a very small increase. The transfer to profit and loss on the Fire account, including interest on the Fund, exceeded £435,000. Their Home business was, of course, the principal source of profit in that department, but during the past year a substantial profit had been derived from Foreign Fire business.

The growing spirit of nationalism caused a demand abroad for increased deposits, and subjected the company to stringent regulations, imposed to help the national companies. The Governments concerned appeared to ignore the fact that there was often a serious loss on the deposits made in their national currencies.

THE MARINE ACCOUNT.

In the Marine account the premium income was very little below that of the previous year. For several years he had been reporting a continual shrinkage in the income, and they had now reached a comparatively low figure. Unless conditions improved, it might not be possible to maintain their income even at its present level. The Marine Fund was exceptionally strong, being more than three times the premium income. Unless some unexpected disaster occurred they could look forward to a satisfactory surplus at the end of 1936.

In the Accident Department there was an increase in the premium income and the results were again satisfactory. It was especially gratifying to report that premiums in the Workmen's Compensation Section showed an increase, because that was largely a reflection of the improvement which had taken place in the trade and industry of the country. Compared with 1933 the income in that section of their business had increased by over 17 per cent.

The Motor business showed only a slender margin of profit, and that had not been achieved without the greatest care and attention. Shareholders would have noticed in the Press reports of very large damages awarded to persons injured by motor accidents, and the tendency seemed to be for those awards to increase. The result of that was, of course, very serious. That increase in the cost of claims gave additional point to the remarks he had made last year with regard to the very heavy liabilities which motorists might incur in the event of a serious accident. It was essential that when effecting insurance they should look for absolute security. Such security could, of course, be obtained from the larger companies like the Alliance.

The Trustee Department continued to make satisfactory progress. The Company now administered over 200 trusts and numerous further appointments had been notified. The fees received during the year exceeded £10,000, as compared with a little less than £7,000 in 1934.

Summarising the position generally, after paying their usual dividend and making full provision for all liabilities, they had increased their reserves by £284,000 as the result of the year's operations—a satisfactory result.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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in education, for example, whom it deprived of their opportunity in life, seems never to have moved or interested him. He had made his bargain with fate. It never occurred to him that society might decide to revise the terms of the bargain. When he used all his influence, public and private, to prevent the revision, he quite simply identified his private interests with the public well-being. It never dawned upon him that there might be an antithesis between them.

Mr. Bolitho has written Lord Inchcape's biography in a straightforward way, and some of the letters he prints are very revealing. But the most revealing thing in the whole book is Lord Inchcape's own constant affirmation that he was not a "politician." By that he seems to have meant that he did not make speeches in either House of Parliament. That the use of his great power to protect the existing economic order from change was politics was evidently a conception he was never brought to understand.

H. J. L.

MR. W. H.

The Onlie Begetter. By ULRIC NISBET. *Longmans.* 6s.

Mr. Ulric Nisbet claims to have solved the mystery of the mysterious Mr. W. H.'s identity. His theory is interesting but not, I think, convincing. It is suspect, as any theory must be which assumes that anyone with the initials W. H. who can be made with a little ingenuity to fulfil certain conditions may have been Shakespeare's "beloved friend." Mr. Nisbet, who has hit on Sir William Herbert, K.B., afterwards 1st Baron Powis, cannot produce a scrap of evidence to show that either "our ever-living poet" or "the well-wishing adventurer" who printed the sonnets was ever acquainted with the claimant. What he does attempt to show, however, is that Shakespeare or Thorpe must have known him because he fits the facts.

He fits some, though by no means all, of them. He was first cousin to the popular claimant Mr. W. H., Earl of Pembroke, and the same age as that other claimant Mr. W. H. (*reversed* as the crosswords say), Earl of Southampton. His name appears in two contemporary dedications, though one of them is too late to have any bearing on the important references, unrecorded by Mr. Nisbet, in sonnets 78 and 79 to the effect that "every alien pen hath got my use and under thee their poesy disperse." Mr. Nisbet supplies the deficiency by suggesting that Sir William's reputation as a patron is preserved in undiscovered manuscripts —a suggestion that will hardly satisfy supporters of the old pretender, his first cousin. On the other hand, the plain mister of the dedication sounds less suspicious when applied to a mere Knight of the Bath than it does when prefixed to the initials of a belted earl. Mr. Nisbet admits to some uneasiness on this score. The prefix has always been a stumbling block, and I fear that Mr. Nisbet would not feel any easier if he knew that Lord Buckhurst is referred to as Mr. Sackville in *England's Parnassus*.

Thus far Mr. Nisbet provides the correct initials, which were those of a young man of high station, and someone who probably moved in literary circles and who may have been a patron of the poets. This, unfortunately, is not the end of the matter. In the first place—a small point I admit—Mr. W. H. was a fair youth; Sir William Herbert, according to his portrait, had raven locks. Again, Mr W. H. was unmarried; Sir William may have been single when the sonnets were being written (c. 1593–6), but it is known that he was married before 1597. Mr. Nisbet might have investigated this more thoroughly. The date is important and presumably could be traced either in the Complete Peerage, or in a church register, or in the Herbert archives at Powis Castle—to none of which Mr. Nisbet seems to have referred. But the most serious objection to his theory, in my opinion, is the foundation-stone itself. To describe it is beyond the scope of a review. But it may be said that Mr. Nisbet's theory depends upon the assumption that Sir William was the author of a saga entitled *Cadwallader* (1604), which has hitherto been attributed to a certain William Herbert of Glamorgan. This Mr. W. H. may have been too young—he was only seventeen in 1600—for the Sonnets, though this does not prove (nor does Mr. Nisbet) that he did not write *Cadwallader*. On the other hand, the references in that poem to "my infant labours" and "my unripened years" are not easily reconciled with Sir William, who was thirty-one when the book was published—a mature age at that period—and a knight to boot. It is a tribute to Mr. Nisbet's ingenuity that his theory is absorbing in spite of the fact that it is, I believe, unsound.

JOHN HAYWARD

TASTE AND ARISTOCRACY

The Rule of Taste: From George I to George IV. By JOHN STEEGMAN. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

An elegant style, an ironic wit and an erudition most politely worn, combine to make Mr. Steegman's book uncommonly good reading. It is a study of architecture and painting under the four Georges. After an account of the Augustan rules which produced the dignified glories of English Palladian, we are entertained by chapters on the Gothic, the Chinese, the Rococo and the Grecian fashions. The Adams and Nash are given all—perhaps a little more than all—their due, and the book ends with a dissertation about the bad influence of democracy on the arts, on the lines that good taste depends upon a small élite, that most people have no aesthetic discrimination, and that the decay in taste coincided with the great Reform Bill.

There is a measure of truth in this indictment, but Mr. Steegman's reactionary enthusiasms have carried him too far. For one thing, the eighteenth century aristocracy was largely parvenu (he admits this, but in a whisper). And during the nineteenth century the aristocracy continued, much more than he allows, to be arbiters of taste. Moreover, in undemocratic countries the collapse in architecture was just as catastrophic as it was in England. The Vienna of Franz Joseph is no more distinguished than the London of Victoria, William II's Berlin is in no way superior to the Paris of the Third Republic. If the Reform Bill had been carried a hundred years earlier, the streets of Bath, we suggest, would not have been less beautiful; if it had been passed a hundred years later, the streets of Manchester would not have been less ugly. Applied to painting, Mr. Steegman's explanation is even more inadequate.

We could show from the example of France that democracy is good for painting just as satisfactorily as Mr. Steegman shows from the example of England that democracy is bad for painting. For the pictures produced under the Third Republic are as much superior to those produced under Lewis the Fifteenth as those produced under Victoria are to those produced under the four Georges. The real causes of the decay in architecture during the nineteenth century are extremely complicated. The spread of machinery, the prodigiously increased proportion of the population huddled in cheaply built towns, and what Cobbett called the conversion of the Commons of England into the labouring poor played an incomparably larger part in the disaster than Mr. Steegman's villain, the great Reform Bill.

Profoundly untrue as the last chapter of *The Rule of Taste* appears, the book, we repeat, is learned, amusing and most enjoyable; it has very nicely chosen illustrations, and is a most valuable addition to the history of taste.

R. M.

About Motoring

REFLECTIONS UPON SPEED

I HAVE carried out road tests of four 1936 cars in the last ten days. Their respective maximum speeds, as judged by meters which normally read fractionally fast at high revolutions, were, 100, 94, 88 and 86 miles an hour. Of these four cars two are expensive, but not in the costliest class, ranking between £1,000 and £2,000; and the other two are catalogued at less than £400. All the quartette are capable of rather more than 70 m.p.h. on their third gears. Any of them can, under the existing state of our laws, be purchased by a complete novice, by any elderly person, or by men or women who are psychologically unbalanced and prone to consume too much liquor on occasions. The novice must, of course, pass a very simple driving test on the road and answer a few tricky questions on the contents of the Highway Code before he is permitted to take any of these cars on the road without exhibiting the red and white "L" plaque, and without carrying a licensed driver as his front seat companion. The other potentially perilous classes of customer can drive such cars without let or hindrance. These four cars provoke any thoughtful observer to notice that the potential speed of all cars from the very cheapest grades upwards is rising at rather a rapid rate; to speculate how far a car's intrinsic capacity for really high speed is a factor in the toll of the roads; to wonder why people purchase these projectiles; and to consider whether their sale, manufacture and use ought to be controlled in any way.

Police evidence, for what it is worth, does not support any theory that ultra-fast cars are more liable to accident than normal

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. (Whi. 2525). Wed. & Sats.

COLISEUM. "Twenty to One." Wed. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. Rise and Shine. Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Thurs. & Sat.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Thurs.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher ! Th., Sat.

LYRIC. Bees on the Boat Deck. Wed., Thurs.

PHOENIX. "To-night at 8.30." Tues., Th.

PLAYHOUSE. The Shadow. Tu., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Love from a Stranger. W. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Bitter Harvest. Tues., Fri.

SAVOY. Lady Precious Stream. M., Th., S.

SHAFTESBURY. "Promise." Wed. & Sat.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts ! Wed., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

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RISE AND SHINE.
BINNIE HALE. JACK WHITING.

DUCHESS. LAST WEEKS. 8.30, Th., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
ANGELA BADDELEY MAY WHITTY

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and THURS., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
EVGS. at 8.15. Mats., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER !"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) Evgs., 8.40. Wed., Th., 2.30.
RALPH RICHARDSON LAURENCE OLIVIER in
BEES ON THE BOAT DECK
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

PHOENIX. EVGS., 8.30. Mats., Tues., Thur., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD.
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Tu., Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
THE SHADOW.
By H. F. Maltby.
Cecil PARKER. Eileen PEEL. Cecil HUMPHREYS.

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Ave. Ger. 4517.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WEDS. & SATS., 2.30.
MARIE NEY, FRANK VOSPER in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thur. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
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ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
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BITTER HARVEST.
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SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.)
Evgs., 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (2nd Year.)
LADY PRECIOUS STREAM
ESME PERCY, THEA HOLME, GILES ISHAM.

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
MADGE TITHERADGE, EDNA BEST,
BARRY JONES, Ann Todd, Robert Harris in
"PROMISE."

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30
Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, John Mills in
AREN'T MEN BEASTS !
Staged by Leslie Henson.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
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PERSONAL

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W.1. Bridge Circle; 1d. stakes. Thurs., Sat. Evgs. Beginners Tues. evgs. WEL 5049.

AUSTRIAN brother and sister, ages 17-20, children of Viennese surgeon, desire stay summer with companionable English family. Exchange-visit welcome.—Box 157, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG MAN, 20, going Austria July (not mountaineering) seeks congenial partner. Box 182, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

WELL educated French girl, with knowledge of German, wishes to stay in an English family, au pair, for several months. Used to children. MLLE. VERA, c/o Mme. Laurent, 7 rue de Talleyrand, Paris.

ARTIFICIAL SUN BATHING, Nudist Lines, both sexes, Central London Indoor Club-Solarium. Ultra-violet insolation. Congenial Society, Exercises, Badminton, Socials. Also lovely Country Sun Park, outskirts London. Box 34, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

cars. In all the available analyses of accidents where the data essential for judgment are known, sheer high speed has always been listed as a comparatively negligible factor. A drive aboard any of these four selected vehicles explains to the student why a capacity for unusual speed is not in itself dangerous. At seventy miles an hour on a suitable road, such as a deserted arterial in the early morning, these very fast cars are more stable, comfortable and controllable than any of the very cheap cars can claim to be at much lower speeds. Fine suspension glues them to a good road surface. Excellently designed steering enables the driver to put his wheels where he wishes to an inch or so; there is no leaping or juddering whatsoever. Finally, the brakes are so smooth and powerful that these projectiles can be decelerated from their colossal maxima down to a crawl or a stoppage without the least tendency to deviate from the straight path by such tricks as snaking or skidding. Perhaps more marvellous still is their ability to swing round radii at high speed without making their tyres squeal and without the occupants becoming conscious of any violent centrifugal forces.

It is easy to see why most motorists who can afford a fast car elect to buy a fast car. Excluding the small minority of owners who tour abroad, and wish to hurry over the tedious straights of France, Italy and Germany, the ownership of a fast car bestows two benefits upon any owner who has no particular relish for railway speeds on the road. During his travel at sane and normal speeds, his 80–100 m.p.h. car will be moving on a very small throttle opening. Its progress will be devoid of noise except for the sounds created by the friction of his tyres on the road surface, and the noise of any wind disturbances created by his passage. If the car is of first-class design, the tyre treads will be planned to reduce the former noise, and the body shape will have been arranged to eliminate atmospheric roar as much as possible. Secondly, his natural desire to shorten his journeys without introducing additional risk will be assisted by very fast climbing, and by rapid acceleration after all slowings for traffic, corners, and other obstacles to a steady average speed. Hills, corners and traffic all combine to slow a small car. Its owner may wish to maintain an average of say 35 m.p.h., which is quite a safe and usual speed for long cross-country journeys in these days. But a tiny car can only achieve this average if it is forced, and driven quite hard on the level; for its speed will drop well below this figure on appreciable hills, and it will lose quite a number of minutes during a long day as the result of its sluggishness in picking up the desired speed after all road checks. Thus, the purchase of an 80–100 m.p.h. car by no means stamps its owner as a road-hog. He may not in fact (and very often does not) drive any faster than the much commoner individual who owns rather a stodgy vehicle capable at its utmost of about 65 m.p.h. If his speedometer has a maximum hand, it may not register more than sixty at the end of a long day on the road. If we view him in a heavy traffic stream along the approaches to some busy centre, he is proceeding just as sedately as any of the slower mass-produced cars composing that stream. It may be that he uses his reserve power only on long hills of a straight layout, devoid of traffic, and in recovering normal speed after a road check. Quite a number of people buy these very fast cars in a spirit of ostentation, comparable to the motives which inspire some people to pay extra money for standard cars in order that their own particular vehicle may exhibit some freak colour scheme, such as an ivory body picked out in scarlet.

Nevertheless, this reassuring review makes any humane person feel a little uneasy about the casual way in which the nation permits all and sundry to buy and drive such vehicles. We can hardly escape a powerful misgiving that no such car ought to be entrusted to a harum-scarum youth of either sex; or to anybody with alcoholic tendencies; or to anybody whose mental or physical faculties are beginning to be impaired by age. The organisation of any such system of control presents obvious and acute difficulties; yet those difficulties are not so insurmountable as to defy solution. Some years ago I recounted in this column the admirable methods by which the National Institute of Industrial Psychology tests the suitability of motor drivers for any duties contemplated by a cautious employer. To submit all applicants for motor driving licences to their encyclopaedic tests would be prohibitively cumbrous and expensive. But no great hardship would be involved if the Ministry of Transport limited all novices to driving cars mechanically incapable of more than 60 m.p.h. until a two years' apprenticeship had been served without crime or accident. Nor would public opinion take any serious objection to some control of those drivers about whom we have qualms on the ground of their past records. It might, for example, be put in the power of the courts to limit men who have narrowly escaped conviction for drunkenness at the wheel or for reckless driving to cars incapable of more than 60 m.p.h. until such time as they have satisfied the Institute's testers that they are in fact trustworthy drivers. Such control would assuredly save no great number of lives or injuries per annum; but we are instructed on all sides that the road problem is really a congeries of a host of minor problems; and each of them must be tackled *seriatim*.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 322

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Very disappointingly Miss Austen ends *Emma* before Mrs. Elton has received the promised visit from her sister. We offer the usual prizes of Two Guineas and Half a Guinea for the best extract of not more than 300 words from a final chapter in which Emma and Mrs. Suckling converse.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 22nd.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 320

Set by Ivor Brown

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best lines written in Rapture before a Block of those Modern Luxury Flats which are bringing Splendour to the Suburb. The raptures may be qualified and the lines must not exceed twenty.

Report by Ivor Brown

The housing problem, which has so long failed to do much more than weary our politicians, is evidently a stimulus to poets. Entries were numerous and a great many were similar in their mood and style and also in their merits. Some attempted pastiche, as by rewriting John of Gaunt's praise of England or by commenting on the new St. John's Wood of many mansions with

> Tax not the sylvan saint with vain expense.

The author of the latter began well enough, but flagged. On the other hand, Mr. George Eades, who had started rather dully, ended with an original plunge into the manner of the metaphysicals.

> No more than this; to ask what he
> Shall do, who could astound
> The god Perfection so with three,
> When the fourth dimension's found.

The most recent styles of poetic composition were not much employed, but Mr. Watterson was ready to fling half a brick (or more) through bourgeois windows. His mood, however, could scarcely be called rapture. Do "qualified raptures" include the likening of a mansion to a tart's complexion, a festering sore, a wet confection, and a lice-pestered rabbit with fleas?

Competitors appear on the whole to be philoprogenitive: "Thou wast not built for birth, immoral flat!" complained Mr. William Bliss, while

> Here in a paradise of chromium, wives
> Live irresponsible and childless lives
> Dolls brightly painted, hideously slim
> Dance to a speculative builder's whim.

concluded Mr. Rowland Marriott and there were many allusions to the inadequate supply of nurseries made by acutely cradle-conscious writers. Mr. Richard Pomfret was alone in raising the question of the dog. A somewhat perplexed judge finally makes his first award to Mr. Molyneux Paul. His third stanza is certainly a trifle weak, but the first two sum the matter up with terse brilliance and mocking rhymes and his lines have an attractive difference from the general run. Second, I place Mr. Richard Pomfret, and my congratulations and condolences I offer

Company Meeting

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LIMITED

THE RT. HON. SIR ERIC GEDDES' ADDRESS

THE thirty-seventh Ordinary General Meeting of the company was held in London on Friday, May 8th. The Rt. Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.C.B., G.B.E., K.C.B., Chairman, in the course of his speech said :

Last year, I told you of the difficulties with which the company had had to contend in carrying on its world-wide activities. I reminded you that in 1934 I had spoken to you of the disturbed condition of international relations, the unabated growth of economic nationalism, and of the fact that two of the most important raw materials used in our business—namely, rubber and cotton—representing about 80 per cent. of our total raw material cost, were the subject of State control. I spoke of the growth of exchange difficulties; the increase of tariff walls and other trade barriers; the unchecked growth of national productive capacity; the steadily deteriorating conditions in the political sphere. I summarised all this by observing that it would be difficult to show that any continental country was in better shape at the end than at the beginning of the year, and easy to show that many were worse. I might repeat this year much of the opening paragraphs of my speeches of 1934 and 1935, and it would be perfectly appropriate.

But there were certain other observations which I made to you last year. I spoke then of the wonderful stability which the British Commonwealth of Nations had shown; of the sound financial instinct of our race, which had kept us on an even keel; of the steady rise of the British index of production under the ægis of our new tariff policy; of the increase in our exports, under the stimulus of Empire preference and the sterling area. We may be thankful that these statements, too, are as true in 1936 as they were in 1935.

There was, however, another adverse factor, which I mentioned last year, and to which your Board referred when it made its carefully considered statement regarding interim dividend in September. I said that regulation schemes might increase the price of our raw materials, but circumstances might make it impossible for us to get a commensurate and timely increase in price for our finished products. You will remember that I pointed out that during 1935 the company would feel the full force of the considerable rise in the cost of rubber. It is perhaps not generally realised that the price of rubber, of which the Dunlop Group of Companies purchases vast quantities, has actually increased over four-fold from the low point in June, 1932. I do not know of a comparable position in any other industry. It is this factor and the loss of profits overseas, due to instability of world conditions, that mainly account for the decline of the combined profits for the whole group of companies from £2,285,000 in 1934 to £1,869,000 in 1935. Prices have been raised in some directions during the past year, but these increases have fallen far short of the rise in raw material costs.

DIVIDEND MAINTAINED

The net profit of the Dunlop Rubber Company for 1935 amounts to £1,288,000, compared with £1,688,000 for the preceding year.

Owing mainly to the decline in profits of certain of your foreign companies, and to the settlement of some of our taxation claims, etc., the provision required for taxation amounts to £420,000, which is £130,000 less than in 1934.

The available profits enable the Board to recommend a dividend of 8 per cent. upon the Ordinary stock, the same rate as for 1933 and 1934, and to transfer £100,000 to the reserve for contingencies.

In view of all the circumstances, the Board considers the results achieved to be quite satisfactory and, further, I would point out that the reserve of £250,000 made last year "to safeguard the dividend position in the immediate future," has not been drawn upon. The Chairman then dealt with various items in the accounts and said :

In view of the difficult times through which we are passing, I feel sure that you will share the Board's satisfaction that the financial position is so sound and liquid.

RUBBER PLANTATIONS

The Plantations Company has had a better year and has increased its profits by £20,000 over the previous year. The improvement in results is in a large measure due to expenditure that we have been incurring over the last few years in scientific investigations on the estates, and the subsequent application of the results in practice.

During the past ten years we have planted over 35,000 acres of new rubber, practically all of which has been bud-grafted. Yields of 1,000 lbs. per acre are already an accomplished fact in areas which have been tapped for less than two years.

DUNLOP COTTON MILLS

As regards cotton, the market during the year has again been very irregular, owing to uncertainty as to the policy of the American Government in the guaranteeing of prices and the control of acreage. The output of the mills during 1935 was below that of the previous year, mainly because of reduced demands from one of our associated companies overseas. We expect, however, an improved position in 1936.

The sales of our finished products we find reflecting very accurately the trend of world conditions.

The export trade of the United Kingdom in 1935 was less by 41 per cent. than it was in 1929; still, there are more people in employment than ever before in our country's history. Our industries are relatively prosperous, the volume of production for the year being substantially in excess of the last of the pre-slump years, 1929. This shows the amazing elasticity of the home market. Your company has benefited by this development, which has been particularly marked in the motor industry—now the third largest of the manufacturing activities of the country. The preservation of the home market is vital to us to-day for, unfortunately, the company finds itself shut out of markets to which its British factories once sold goods in important quantities. At the same time, some of our overseas factories have benefited by the nationalistic development of the markets for which they cater.

TYRE AND SUBSIDIARY DIVISIONS

The company's relations with its distributors and dealers continue to be most gratifying, and this is a proper time to pay tribute to the splendid co-operation received from those engaged in the distribution of our products. We are very proud of our trade goodwill.

The high standard of Dunlop tyre performance is too well established to need emphasis, but if speed be considered a criterion of quality, 86 per cent. of world racing records were achieved on Dunlop tyres.

The assimilation of the varied businesses of the Chas. Macintosh group of companies is now completed.

It is extremely pleasing to report that the 1935 profits, taken as a whole, show a satisfactory improvement over those for the previous year.

These results have been achieved in spite of the fact that selling prices have not kept pace with the increased cost of raw material. A record turnover of general rubber goods was reached and a profit made.

The productions of the footwear division continue first-class in every way. The demand for winter rubber footwear was quite remarkable, and a satisfactory profit was made. We could have given still greater employment at our footwear factory at Liverpool if the competition from Hong Kong had not continued. We are grateful to the Government for their tariff policy, but here, it seems to me, there is an anomaly which ought to be redressed. In 1934 the garment division had not reached the profit-bearing stage; in 1935 a profit was made.

For the 1936 season our golf balls, our tennis balls and our rackets have again been greatly improved, particularly our golf ball.

MANUFACTURE FROM LATEX

The introduction of this material called for a new technique. At Fort Dunlop we have a special research staff engaged in considering the application of Latex in general terms. At others of our works we have equally well-qualified staff applying Latex to specific purposes. An example is the Latex Boot, which is quite a scientific achievement. Dunlopillo seating is in great and increasing favour in all types of public service vehicles, in steamship equipment, on rail-roads both in Europe and in America, and in domestic use, for furniture and bedding.

During the year Dunlopillo underlay for carpets was introduced, and has been successful.

The Chairman then referred to the factories in France, Germany, the U.S.A., Canada and Japan, which had made as satisfactory progress as was possible under very difficult conditions. Dunlopillo upholstery had been introduced in the U.S.A. and Canada with promising results.

In Ireland, the Cork factory had made remarkable progress, and there were good prospects for the South African factory and the Indian one, which would begin production in August. He hoped that the profits of these overseas factories would compensate for the reduction in the export business caused by high tariffs, quotas, and exchange difficulties.

Continuing, the Chairman said : The degree of our future prosperity is largely dependent on three factors. The prices of our raw materials, the prices of our finished products and the restoration of international trade. I do not doubt that in time the world will find a new economic equilibrium, which will stimulate consumption and give reasonable employment to the working peoples of the world, with reasonable security to capital, the adventure of which is the basis of all development. When that happy time comes, the Company's organisation is in a position to take advantage of every symptom of improvement.

Meanwhile, we must not forget that Dunlop activities and commitments are not confined to the comparatively safe markets of our own country and Empire, but extend to all parts of a world which is to-day distracted with every kind of economic and political difficulty; that we are engaged in a highly competitive industry, and that within a comparatively short time the price of our principal raw material has been increased over fourfold.

The excellent state of our organisation, our satisfactory relations with staff, operatives, and customers, the high quality of our products, the goodwill value of the Dunlop name, the soundness of our balance-sheet position, and the good profit which we are able to show to-day justify a feeling of optimism, but a policy of caution is still essentially necessary.

The report and accounts were adopted.

to Mr. Leslie Nicholls, Allan M. Laing, Mr. E. W. Fordham, Guy Innes and T. Naisby as well as to those competitors already quoted.

FIRST PRIZE

O gravid pile, O monument to masons
Sweeping aside the past's unworthy débris,
Lucky are they who use your fitted basins
Washing away " Mon Abri."

Hundreds you hive, intent on saving labour,
(This would have seemed irrelevant to Cheops)
Trebling the annual takings of your neighbour
" Handsome parade of she-ops."

Happy am I as o'er my lease I gloat,
Mouthing its terms in self-assured recital.
Now may I head my deckle-edged note
With your resounding title.

T. MOLYNEUX PAUL

SECOND PRIZE

Looking o'er the widest spaces,
Beckoning with endless graces,
There stands Honeysuckle Court,
Nothing stinted, nothing short.
Garaging and Tennis free,
Liveried Porters wants foresee ;
Restaurant and Central Heat,
Soundproof Floors to deaden feet ;
Balconies to Trap the Sun,
Boiling Water on the Run.
Ev'rything is here that man,
Taking thought, could justly plan.
Life is lifted from the fog !
. . . Wonder might I keep a dog ?

RICHARD POMFRET

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 177.—TOMMY'S RACE

" I won the handicap race at the Sports," said Tommy.

" Did you, Tommy ? Good boy ! What was the handicap ? "

" Simple," said Tommy. " Each of us had as many yards start as he was years old. See what I mean ? Nobody was scratch, but we were all straggled out, at the start, over a distance of seventy yards or so."

" Your brother John ran, didn't he ? "

" Yes, John ran ; so did Dad ; so did Grandad, and here's a funny thing " (went on Tommy). " My age in years, and John's age, and Dad's age, and Grandad's, and the distance that we four respectively had to go, can be arranged in arithmetical progression. I've just been learning about that."

" How odd ! " said I. " I ought to be able to deduce your age from that."

" No, you can't do that," said Tommy. " But here's another funny thing. In ten years' time my Grandad's age will be as many times my age as my Dad's age is times my age now."

How old is Tommy ?

PROBLEM 175.—EL GINKADOR

My solvers have not disappointed me here ; there has been a good crop of correct solutions. Curiously, however, a number of solvers have merely " guessed " the message, which is :

LOOK FOR A WEE FILE IN YOUR PUDDING.

I thought the blatant anagram of PUDDING would give the show away. The intended method of solution is the following :

Divide cryptogram into groups of seven letters :

LOROFKO AWLIFEE EIRUOYN PUGNIDD

Now C O U R A G E
= 2 5 7 6 1 4 3

Rearrange letters in each group in accordance with the above order :

L O R O F K O
2 5 7 6 1 4 3
= F L O K O O R etc.
2 5 7 6 1 4 3 " and again courage "
= O F R O L K O etc.
2 5 7 6 1 4 3 " and courage yet once more."
= L O O K F O R etc.

Solvers interested in cryptograms should study the above ; I will presently try out a harder example.

PROBLEM 174.—WHO KILLED HOOPINKOFF ?

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : S. E. Williams, 75 Claude Road, Roath Park, Cardiff.

Six points are awarded.

PROBLEM 173.—RED AND WHITE

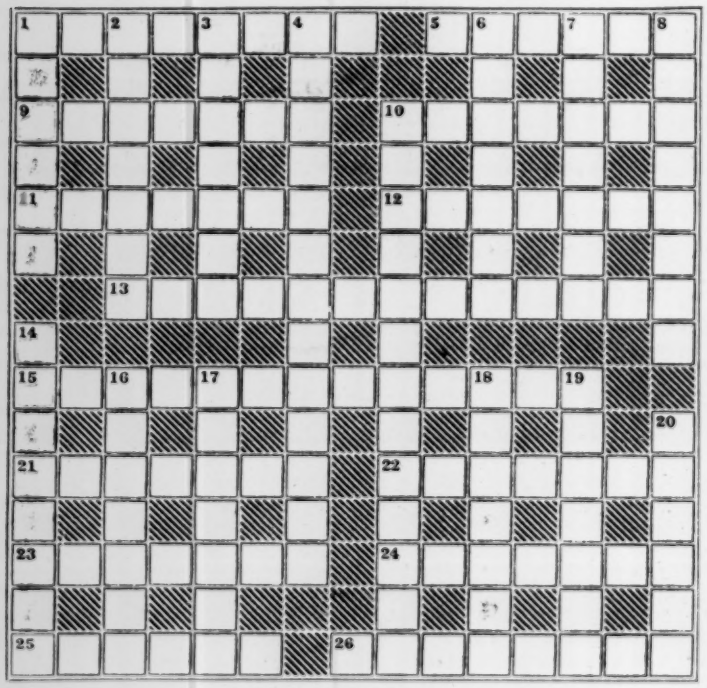
A set of Low's cartoons goes to : W. E. Candler, 4 St. Stephen's Road, W.2.

Nine points are awarded.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 323

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss M. E. Waldron, Ashleigh, Dora Road, Small Heath, Birmingham

ACROSS

1. Hurry on your friends' return.
5. Its smoke no doubt takes your breath away.
9. Formerly a moorland city.
10. A vessel in the Mediterranean, but not part of the British Fleet.
11. Burning outcome in a bed.
12. The gorilla perhaps might boast such a nautical limb.
13. The teaching craft.
15. He mus'd on his degree no doubt.
21. Tea in surroundings the reverse of de luxe.
22. Puss, puss, perhaps, derisively.
23. What Britons are made by their surroundings.
24. I lose at general post.
25. No doubt it " lasts."
26. An English Queen in a pickle.

DOWN

1. Noteworthy and often timely way to give information.
2. It's hard for a mother insect.
3. Spin a charm'd coin.
4. Permanent instructions not to 18 ?
6. How attractively she draws.
7. Wrong confession.
8. At the tip of the tail.
10. Presumably used by Father Time in this mechanical age.
14. Knowledgeable on the sharp side ?
16. " Mainly " wandered about and is cured by the change.
17. One kind of bunting to fly.
18. It requires all the don's wit to do it.
19. Its clues are actionable.
20. " How sweet the moonlight — upon this bank ! "

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	F	O	O	T	B	A	L	L	M	A	T	C	H	■
P	■	R	■	H	■	M	■	I	■	I	■	O	■	K
E	X	A	M	I	N	E	■	V	E	S	T	U	R	E
N	■	N	■	R	■	N	■	E	■	L	■	G	■	E
N	I	G	H	T	■	H	O	R	S	E	W	H	I	P
Y	■	E	■	Y	■	O	■	■	■	■	■	U	■	T
W	A	S	P	S	■	T	W	O	■	B	E	P	P	O
H	■	■	■	I	■	E	■	V	■	A	■	■	■	T
I	N	D	E	X	■	P	I	E	■	T	R	U	T	H
S	■	I	■	■	■	■	■	R	■	H	■	N	■	E
T	E	S	T	C	A	S	E	S	■	B	L	I	M	P
L	■	E	■	I	■	U	■	H	■	R	■	T	■	A
E	X	A	L	T	E	D	■	O	C	U	L	I	S	T
S	■	S	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	H
■	D	E	A	D	M	A	N	S	C	H	E	S	T	■

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MAY 1936
ECONOMICA
PROFESSOR A. C. PIGOU on Mr. KEYNES' "GENERAL THEORY"
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE PLACE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE—CONTROL OF INVESTMENT : RICH AND POOR—CANADIAN PACIFIC—COPPER SHARES

As everyone knows, the Stock Exchange has played its part in the national recovery. Its profits—as a building devoted to meetings held between stock jobbers and brokers—amounted to £291,839 for the year to 31st March, 1936, allowing the payment of a dividend of £14 per share (£36 paid up). The report of the Committee for General Purposes disclosed the interesting, but incomplete, information that the total nominal value of the securities listed in the Official List was £18,523 millions. Perhaps half as much again appears in the Unofficial List. Nominal value is much less than market value, but it will give an idea of the relative importance to stock jobbers and brokers of different booms on the Stock Exchange if I mention that of the £18,523 millions some £6,500 millions represented British Government funds, £223½ millions Home Corporation stocks and £884 millions Dominion and Colonial Government stocks. This suggests that nothing brings so much prosperity to the City as a boom in the gilt-edged market. Indeed, the first sign that this country was recovering from the depths of the depression came when certain jobbers in the gilt-edged market gave orders for new Rolls-Royce cars. A boom in armament or oil shares is comparatively unimportant as a money maker, for iron and steel shares in the Official List have a nominal value of only £379 millions and oil shares £143 millions. That the Stock Exchange remains an important channel for the investment of the national savings is shown by the table of applications for "permission to deal." In the year ending March, 1936, the Stock Exchange Committee granted leave to deal in £742,834,000 (nominal value) worth of securities. Apart from £312 millions which were British Government funds, £36¾ millions which were Home Corporation loans and £15¾ millions which were foreign stocks, none of this investment was subject to Government supervision or order. What exists of national control of investment is merely farcical. Although the Treasury has done nothing about restricting the export of the rich man's capital to Wall Street it has already taken action to prevent the poor man from investing abroad. One of the Fixed Trusts, called Improving Securities Trust Ltd., had picked out certain foreign companies for investment. A request has been received by this trust from the Treasury and the Bank of England that for the time being the North American securities and foreign securities in currencies other than sterling should be excluded from the portfolio. "This request," write the managers of Improving Securities Trust, "has not the force of law, but is nevertheless one with which both Martins Bank as trustee and ourselves feel bound to comply." Mexican Eagle was one of the companies excluded which is absurd. Why the rich man should be able to make a killing in Mexican Eagle shares while the poor man is not even allowed to participate indirectly through a Fixed Trust is hard to see. If investment in Fixed Trusts is to be controlled why not every placing on the Stock Exchange, or every public issue?

* * *

To sell French francs forward three months now costs 28 per cent. per annum, Swiss francs 17 per cent. and guilders about 6 per cent. This is the market valuation of the gold risk, but except in guilders it is difficult to deal in forward gold currencies to any large extent. It seems clear that the French will now go off gold while pretending to stay on. Exchange and banking restrictions have already been imposed. The Bank of France has requested the commercial banks to abstain from withdrawing gold and the commercial banks have instructed their managers not to sell gold or foreign notes to the public unless the transaction is proved to be genuine business. The rich, of course, are still free to transfer large sums from their banks to hoards and are still doing so, but it may be weeks or even months before the banks are forced into an impossible position or the Bank of France cries halt to the loss of gold. The gold stock is now £770 millions and it is rumoured that the authorities regard £700 millions as the "war chest" minimum reserve. The Bank of France, I am told, would prefer outright devaluation to the policy of restrictions which only prolong the crisis, but the political situation does not allow it. The hopes of the devaluationists are therefore centred on Switzerland. The banking situation in Switzerland is weak and it may be recalled that it was banking trouble which caused the devaluation of the belga.

Two years ago I was calling attention to the unsatisfactory outlook for Canadian Pacific preference stock, which was then quoted at 55. In fact, I recommended an exchange from this stock into London Midland and Scottish 4 per cent. 1923 preference stock, which was then 54. Canadian Pacific preference stock fell to 30 last year and has now recovered to 46, while the London Midland and Scottish preference stock fell to 43 last year and has recovered to 72. I return to this subject because Sir Edward Beatty, the chairman of Canadian Pacific, cheered the preference stockholders in his speech last week with a promise of an early resumption of dividends. "It is hoped," he said, "that with general improvement in business conditions, which now seems to be under way, and with a betterment in western agricultural conditions, a resumption of dividends at least in respect of the preference shares would be possible in the near future." The last dividend paid on the 4 per cent preference stock was 2 per cent. in October, 1932. The grounds for Sir Edward Beatty's optimism is not apparent in the 1935 accounts. The net operating profit was slightly lower. Working expenses were swollen partly by maintenance work which had been undertaken before it was due in order to help employment, and partly by the restoration of pay cuts in April, 1935. It is expected that industrial and agricultural traffics will be greater this year, and an experiment will be made with lower passenger rates in June in the hope of capturing passenger traffics from the roads, but it must not be forgotten that there is still some restoration of pay cuts to come. Further, the Canadian Pacific has a tap on its resources in the shape of the abandoned lines, and the assistance it has to give to its controlled lines in the United States. The writing down of abandoned lines may be met from reserves and not from revenue, but the American lines which cost $4 millions last year (equivalent to nearly 3 per cent. on the preference stock), are still a drain on its income. It is not surprising that Sir Edward Beatty should again urge the unification of the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific railway systems as the obvious solution of the Canadian railway problem. Although a holder of the preference stock may be encouraged to hold on by Sir Edward Beatty's optimism I do not advise new purchases except possibly in the case of the 4 per cent. irredeemable debenture stock, which can be purchased at 94 to yield £4 5*s*. 3*d*. per cent.

Cockroaches & Unitarians!

Perhaps you are as observant as the reader who told our Editor that he had noticed that "the small advertisements about Cockroaches and Unitarians, which had long been printed next to each other, have now been separated,"

Even if you are not, you can scarcely have failed to notice that our "smalls" as classified advertisements are commonly called, are steadily growing, both in volume and interest. With an average net sale of well over Twenty Thousand copies a week, which means a far greater number of actual readers, one-and-sixpence a line for classified announcements is low enough to attract all kinds of small advertisers.

Glance through our "smalls" pages this week and see for yourself the varied appeals and interests which they represent. Some time or other, if not now, there will be something which you wish to sell or buy, some service which you need or wish to offer.

In the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION you have a means of exchange between tens of thousands of men and women like yourself, at a cost which compares very favourably with any other journal of this class.

Substantial discounts are allowed on "smalls" for a series of insertions, and special rates are being offered at this time for an initial series under the heading "Holiday Suggestions." Drop a card, asking for particulars, to

"SMALLS" DEPT., NEW STATESMAN & NATION,
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

Company Meeting

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED

FURTHER PROGRESS

LORD CAMROSE'S REVIEW

THE twelfth ordinary general meeting of Allied Newspapers, Limited, was held yesterday at Southern House, Cannon Street, E.C.

Lord Camrose (chairman of the Company) presided, and in the course of his speech said :—

Competition in the newspaper business has remained as keen as ever. There has been considerably less activity in regard to "free gifts," although canvassing has continued on a very large scale, particularly perhaps during the last two or three months. We are concerned more especially through our papers with a national sale. Papers with mass circulations still, apparently, find it necessary to spend thousands of pounds weekly in maintaining their circulation figures, and there is unlikely to be any change for many years. Still, so long as they do not resume the orgy of "free gifts," we are not so greatly concerned.

As might be expected, advertising followed—or I should say led—the continued improvement in home trade during the year 1935, and our advertising revenues show a further increase.

All our six Sunday newspapers have participated in a fuller realisation of the responsiveness to advertising shown by the Sunday newspaper reader. The Sunday Press is beginning at last to enjoy its due share of the national advertiser's budget. The trade advertising printed in the *Empire News* during 1935 increased by nearly 17 per cent. over that for the preceding year, and is still rising. There has been a substantial increase in the advertising revenue of the *Sunday Chronicle* also, but I have selected the *Empire News* for individual mention, not only because it has the biggest circulation of any paper we own, but because of its very large sale in the North.

The Chairman then said that, although their northern evening papers had shown less increase in national advertising than the *Empire News*, this had been more than compensated for by a great increase in local advertising.

Continuing, the Chairman said :—

It is undeniable that the most intense single newspaper coverage in any district is usually achieved by a local paper. In the heavily populated area of the North-East of England the *North Mail* and the *Evening Chronicle* are regularly read by one family in every two. The Newcastle *Evening Chronicle* is read by more families in the area than all the national morning papers combined.

I might make a passing reference to the recent report of the Ullswater Commission in the matter of Broadcasting.

The Commission comments strongly on the broadcasting of advertising matter to this country from foreign stations. The B.B.C. itself has always set its face against these practices, and I hope that the opinion of the Commission will receive full attention in Parliament.

THE *Sunday Times*

The *Sunday Times* has made decisive gains during 1935. Its growing popularity is proved by ever-increasing circulation and advertising revenue. The sales are substantially in excess of those of any Sunday paper of its class. For December, 1935, net sales were 245,413, against 222,700 in December, 1934, and our average net sale during April was over a quarter of a million. For a number of years the *Sunday Times* has been the leading Sunday advertising medium. In 1935 it carried 800 columns more advertising than any other Sunday newspaper published in Great Britain.

I have on several previous occasions mentioned to you the very satisfactory results given to advertisers by our two national picture newspapers, the *Daily Sketch* and the *Sunday Graphic*. As the result of demands by advertisers, the standard size of both papers has gradually increased. A 32-page *Daily Sketch* is now a frequent occurrence, and 36 pages is not uncommon. The *Sunday Graphic* is almost more frequently 40 pages than anything smaller, and the tendency is to still larger issues. We are taking steps to equip ourselves for considerable future development of both papers.

INTENSE COMPETITION

I mentioned last year the intense competition to which our morning papers in Glasgow and Lancashire, the *Daily Record* and the *Daily Dispatch*, were subject. Despite the most desperate attacks made on the *Daily Record*, it continues to be the journal with the highest annual certified net sale of any newspaper published in Scotland. Investigation shows that in Glasgow and the five adjacent counties alone, the "Daily Record" is regularly read by one family in every three, a position unequalled by any other morning newspaper.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Lord Kemsley (Deputy-Chairman), the report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

RING UP MY HOME

You may have an address in the telephone book—but is it really and truly your own? Or do you pay for the privilege of living in somebody else's house? If you are weary of rent-paying the Abbey Road Building Society is at your service, to assist you to become the owner of your home.

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

SIR HAROLD BELLMAN—*Managing Director*

ABBEY ROAD BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office: ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER STREET, N.W.1

CVS—250

Rolleiflex

The Miniature Camera that is different—

TELLS YOU WHAT TO TAKE

To be able to see your picture on the ground-glass screen, actual size and right way up, is but one of the advantages of the Rolleiflex. Lens stop, shutter speed and focussing can all be seen and adjusted while the picture is being composed. Takes 12 pictures on 3½×2½ 8 exp. roll film for 1/-, and may be adapted for plates or cine film. Fitted with Zeiss Tessar F/3.5 lens and Compur shutter speeded to 1/500th sec. T. & I. £25.

Lists free. A high allowance on your present camera in part exchange—let us quote.

WALLACE HEATON LTD.,

119, NEW BOND ST. LONDON W1

PHONES MAY [illegible]

Also at 47 Berkeley St. and 47 Kensington High St.